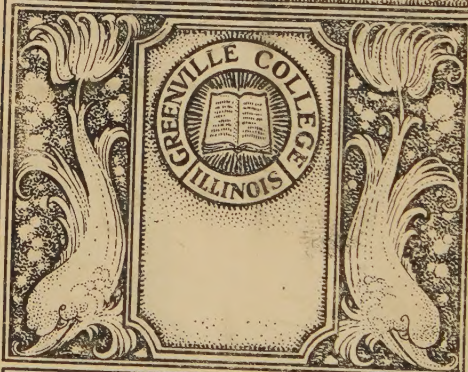


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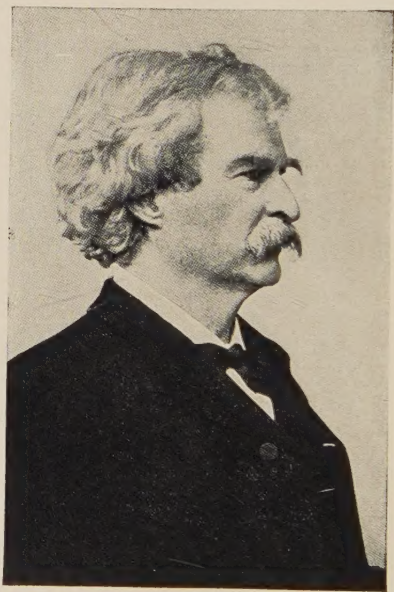
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A Book of
American Humor
In Prose and Verse



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SAMUEL L. CLEMENS
"Mark Twain"

A BOOK OF
American Humor
in Prose and Verse

*Being a selection of witty and amusing
tales, sketches, and rhymes by well-
known American writers.*



NEW YORK
DUFFIELD AND COMPANY
1925

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CONTENTS

	Page
ARTEMUS WARD (Charles Farrar Browne)	
THE SHAKERS	3
A BUSINESS LETTER	17
JOSH BILLINGS (Henry W. Shaw)	
OATS	21
OUR OLDEST INHABITANTS—TWO OF THEM	31
MARK TWAIN (Samuel L. Clemens)	
THE INTERVIEWER	41
SCOTTY BRIGGS AND THE CLERGYMAN .	53
BILL NYE (Edgar Wilson Nye)	
MILLING IN POMPEII	65
ALL ABOUT ORATORY ,	73
MY MINE	81
JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE (Marietta Holley)	
SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA	87
E. W. TOWNSEND	
CHIMMIE MEETS THE DUCHESS	107
CHIMMIE ENTERS POLITE SOCIETY . .	117
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS	
THE GENIAL IDIOT ON THE FOUR HUNDRED	125
HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR.	
"CHECKER'S" LETTER	141

CONTENTS

	Page
GEORGE ADE	
THE FABLE OF THE TWO MANDOLIN PLAYERS AND THE WILLING PERFORMER . . .	147
CLAUDIE	157
MR. DOOLEY (F. P. Dunne)	
ON THE FRENCH CHARACTER	167
ON THE VICTORIAN ERA	175
ON GOLF	183
HAYDEN CARUTH	
IN THE COUNTRY	191
GEORGE V. HOBART	
JOHN HENRY ON BUTTING-IN	209
MR. AND MRS. DINKELSPIEL DISCUSS LIT- ERARY MATTERS	221
DINKELSPIEL EXPLAINS THE DREYFUS CASE	231
BILLIE BAXTER (W. J. Kountz, Jr.)	
AT THE OPERA	241
IN LOVE	247

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MARK TWAIN (Samuel L. Clemens) Frontispiece

Prose

	Facing	Page
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS	Page	124
GEORGE ADE	“	148
MR. DOOLEY (Finley Peter Dunne)	“	184

Verse

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY	“	34
WALLACE IRWIN	“	84
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES	“	138
ROBERT J. BURDETTE	“	152
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	“	202
EUGENE FIELD	“	246

Part One
PROSE HUMOR

Humorous Prose



THE SHAKERS

BY ARTEMUS WARD

THE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em, and I'd seen 'em, with their broad-brim'd hats and long-wastid coats, but I'd never cum into immejit contact with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin' intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em to my show—leastways, if they cum they was disgised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swamp't in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin' through the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Tiein' a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail

The Shakers

to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin' individooal, who turned out to be a Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein' sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin' sumwhat like a last year's beanpole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I a thirst, and did I hunger? To which I urbanely ansered "a few." She went orf, and I endeverd to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bisness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

By Artemus Ward

“Stormy night, sir.”

“Yay.”

“If the storm continners there ’ll be a mess under foot, hay?”

“Yay.”

“It ’s onpleasant when there ’s a mess under foot?”

“Yay.”

“If I may be so bold, kind sir, what ’s the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin’ trimmins?”

“Yay!”

I pawsd a minit, and then, thinkin’ I ’d be fase-shus with him, and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and tolô him that as a *yayer* he had nò livin’ ekal.

He jumped up as if Billin’ water has bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin’ and sed, “You ’re a man of sin!” He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room, and statid that refreshments awaited the weary travler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment

The Shakers

the weary travler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table, and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin', and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I: "Marrige is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I 'spect?"

"Yay."

"It 's kinder singler," sez I, puttin' on my most sweetest look, and speakin' in a winnin' voice, "that so fair a maid as thow never got hitched to some likely feller."—(N. B.—She was upwards of forty, and homely as a stump fence, but I thwawt I 'd tickil her.)

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I; "they 're rayther a important part of the populashun. I don't scarcely see how we could git along without 'em."

By Artemus Ward

“Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men !”

“You ’ll excoos me, marm, but I don’t think that air would work. It wouldn’t be regler.”

“I ’m fraid of men !” she sed.

“That ’s onnecessary, marm. *You* ain’t in no danger. Don’t fret yourself on that pint.”

“Here we ’re shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don’t marry, and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don’t abooze their wives—wives don’t worrit their husbands. There ’s no children here to worrit us. Nothin’ to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker ?”

“No,” sez I; “it ain’t my stile.”

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortably, and leanin’ back in my cheer, commenst pickin’ my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin’ me all alone with the clock. I hadn’t sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door.

“You ’re a man of sin !” he said and groaned and went away.

The Shakers

Directly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin' gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal bags like the old one I 'd met previshly, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I suppose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin' enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother if they axed him to. They commenst clearin' away the dishes, castin' shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I: "My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar 's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let 's have sum fun. Let 's play puss-in-the-corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

By Artemus Ward

“Wall, my pretty dears, I have n’t arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they was all like you, perhaps I’d jine ’em. As it is, I’m a Shaker pro-temporary.”

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt ’em puss-in-the-corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin’ quiet of course, so the old man should n’t hear. When we broke up, sez I: “My pretty dears, ear I go you hav objections, hav you, to an innersent kiss at partin’?”

“Yay,” they sed, and I *yay’d*.

I went upstairs to bed. I spose I’d been snoozin’ half an hour, when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin’ on my elbers and rubbin’ my eyes, and I saw the follerin’ picter: The Elder stood in the doorway with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn’t no wearin’ appeerel on except his night close, which fluttered in the breeze like a Seshun flag. He sed: “You’re a man of sin!” then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin’ orf with the pretty little Shakeresses mounted on my

The Shakers

Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin' strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville, and that Betsy Jane cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panfull of Billin' water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddy for me down-stairs. Then sayin' I was a man of sin, he went groanin' away.

As I was goin' threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin' and kissin' like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I: "My Shaker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules and git married."

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subjeck to fits, and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfast my little Shaker frends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we yay agin?"

By Artemus Ward

“Nay,” they said, and I *nay’d*.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin’, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin’, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin’ house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers were all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They commenst clappin’ their hands and singin’ and dancin’. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin’ his time of life; and as he cum a double shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin’ smile, and sed: “Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festive cuss!”

“You’re a man of sin!” he sed, continnerin’ his shuffle.

The Sperrer, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He said they was Shakers, and all was ekal. They was the purest and Selectest peple on the yearth. Other peple was

The Shakers

sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin' kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want goin' to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and arter they was threw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I: "What does it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why, this jumpin' up and singin'? This long weskit bizness, and this anty-matrimony idee? My friends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin' with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a keg of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New England ancesters used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the Rock of Gibraltar probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet, and don't disturb nobody. For all this I give you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope

By Artemus Ward

away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. (I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which make the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.) You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your hearthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin' it from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin' to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fulfillin' their mission here, and air contented. Here you air all pend up by yerselves, talkin' about the sins of a world you don't know nothin' of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve around on her own axeltree onct in every twenty-four hours, subjeck to the constitution of the United States, and is a very pleasant place of residence. It's a onnatral, onrea-

The Shakers

sonable, and dismal life you 're leadin' here. So it strikes me. My Shaker friends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin' well. Thank you kindly, one and all.

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and on-principled wax works!" sez Uriah.

"Hello, Uriah," sez I; "I 'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomed my jerney.

A BUSINESS LETTER

BY ARTEMUS WARD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ———

SIR.—I 'm movin' along — slowly along — down tords your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal — 't would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal), wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Taylor, John Bunyan, Capt. Kidd, and Dr. Webster in the act of killin' Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now, Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin' how is the show bizness down to your place. I shall have my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin' stile. Also, git up a tremenjus excitement in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public somhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em

Oats

Oats are worth from 40 to 75 cents a bushel, ackording tew their price, and aint good for mutch, only tew tickle a hoss.

They will choke a goose to deth quicker than a paper of pins, and enny thing that will choke a goose to deth (i mean on the internal side ov their thrut) iz, to say the least ov it, very skarse.

Speaking ov a goose; i hav found out at last what makes them so tuff, it iz staying out so mutch in the cold.

I found this out all alone by miself.

Oats are a very eazy krop to raize.

All yu hav got to do, to raize sum oats, iz to plough the ground deep, then manure it well, then sprinkle the oats all over the ground, one in a place, then worry the ground with a drag all over, then set up nites to keep the chickens and woodchucks out ov them, then pray for sum rain, then kradle them down with a kradle, then rake them together with a rake, then bind them up with a band, then stack them up in a stack, then thrash them out with a flail, then clean them up with a mill, then sharpen both ends ov them with a knife, then stow them away in a granary,

By Josh Billings

then spend wet days and Sundays trapping for rats and mice.

It aint nothing but phun to raize oats — try it.

One ov the best ways to raize a sure crop ov oats, and tew git a good price for the crop, iz tew feed 4 quarts ov them tew a shanghi rooster, then murder the rooster suddenly, and sell him for 25 cents a pound, crop and all.

A Business Letter

strong. If it's a temperance community, tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery, ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of con-wivlality, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin' abowt my show, say my snaiks is as harmliiss as the new-born Babe. What a interestin' study it is to see zewol-Ogica! animil like a snaik under perfeck subjection! My Kangaroo is the most lafable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxys to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them hanbills, that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin' offiss. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yours exactly. I know thay do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures,

A. WARD.

P. S.—You scratch my back & Ile scratch your back.

OATS

BY JOSH BILLINGS

OATS are a singular grain, perhaps I should say plural, bekauze thare iz more than one ov them.

They gro on the top ov a straw, about two foot, 9 and one quarter inches hi, and the straw iz holler.

This straw iz interesting for its sukshun.

Short pieces ov it, about 8 inches or so, dipt into the buzzom ov a sherry cobbler, with suckshun up the entire cobbler in 4 minnits, bi the watch.

I never hav tried this, but i kno lots ov young and reliable men who stand around reddy to prove this, if sum boddy will fetch the cobbler.

This suckshun iz sed tew be a ded sure thing.

I hav been told bi a man, who iz a grate traveller, that in the game ov pharaoh, it is the "splits" that win.

If this iz true (reasoning from analogy), I have thought that the splits in the straw mite be in favor ov the cobbler, and agin the suckshun.

Oats

But i aint certain ov this, in fakt i hav lost confidence in most everything, that haz to be proved, since I got so awfully dizzy, about four years ago, trieing to prove to the chaplain ov an engine company, that lager beer waz not intoxicating, but waz full sister to filtered rane water.

If i had time i would relate more about this circumstance, but i must git back onto oats agin.

I like tew see a man stik tite tew hiz text, if he haz to bite into it to do it.

I should have made a profitable minister az fur az staying with a text iz concerned, for when i git through with a text, yu kant work what's left ov it into ennything else, not even a rag karpet.

Speaking ov rag karpets, brings mi wife tew mi mind.

Mi wife haz got a kind ov hidraphoby, or burning fever ov sum kind, for rag karpets in the rag, and i don't have but one pair ov clothes at a time on this ackount, and theze i put to sleep under mi pillo, at nite, when i go tew bed.

She watches mi clothes just az cluss az a mule duz a bystander, and i hav told all ov my best friends,

By Josh Billings

if i am ever lost, and kant be found soon, they may look for me in mi wife's last roll of rag karpet.

But for all this, i love mi wife with the affeckshun ov a parent (she is several years inferior to me in age), and i had rather be rag-karpeted bi her, than tew be honey fugled, with warm apple sass, bi enny other woman. But i must git back onto oats agin. Oats gro on the summit ov sum straw, and are sharp at both ends.

They resemble shu pegs in looks and build, and it iz sed, are often mistaken for them by near-sighted hosses and shumakers.

I don't intend this remark az enny derogativeness to shumakers in the lump, for i hav often sed, in mi inspired moments, if i couldn't be a shumaker, i would like to be a good lawyer.

Oats are a phuny grain; 8 quarts of them will make even a stage hoss laff, and when a stage hoss laffs, you may know he is tickled somewhare.

This iz the natur ov oats as a beverage, they amuze the stummuck ov the hoss with their sharp ends, and then the hoss laffs.

Oats

I hav never saw a hoss laff, but i hav heard that it could be did.

Thare iz a grate menny folks, ov good moral karakter, who won't believe ennything unless they kan see it; theze kind of folks are always the eazyest to cheat.

They wont beleave a rattle-snaik bight iz pizon untill they tri it; this kind ov informashun alwus kosts more than it iz aktuallly worth.

It iz a middling wise man who proffits bi hiz own experience, but it iz a good deal wizer one, who lets the rattle-snaik bight the other phellow.

The Goddess of korn iz also the Goddess ov oats, and barley, and buk wheat.

Her name iz Series; she is a mithological woman, and like menny wimmen now a daze, she iz hard tew lokate.

Theze mithology men, and wimmin, work well enuff in poetry, whare a good deal ov lieing don't hurt the sense, but when you kum right down to korn in the ear, or oats in the bundle, all the gods and goddesses in the world, kant warrant a good crop.

By Josh Billings

It takes labor tew raize oats, and thrash them out, but ov all the lazy cusses that hav pestered the earth, since Adam waz a boy, the gods and goddesses hav always been tew lazy to swet.

Enny being who haint never swet, dont kno what he iz worth.

I would like to see a whole parcell ov theze gods, and goddesses, in a harvest field, reaping lodged oats, in the month of August, they could n't earn their pepper-sass.

Oats are sold bi weight or mezzure, and are seldum (or perhaps, I may say in confidence, never) sold by count.

Eggs and money are counted out, but oats never.

It would be well for nu beginners to remember this, it would save them a good deal of time on every hundred bushels ov oats.

Time iz sed tew be the same az money; if this iz positively so, Methuseler died rich.

Methuseler waz exactly 999 years old when he died; now multipli this bi 365, which would only be allowing him a dollar a day for hiz time, and yu will find just what he waz worth.

Oats

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OUR OLDEST INHABITANTS— TWO OF THEM

BY JOSH BILLINGS

JOHN BASCOMB

JOHN BASCOMB iz now living in Coon Hollow, Raccoon County, State of Iowa.

He iz 196 years old, and kan read fine print by moonlite 33 feet oph.

He remembers George Washington fust rate, and once lent him 10 dollars teu buy a pair of kaff skin boots with.

He fit in the revolushun, also in the war ov 1812, likewise in the late melee, and sez he won't take sass now from enny man living.

He iz a hard-shell baptiss by religion, and sez he will die for hiz religion.

He was konverted 150 years ago, and thinks the hard-shell is the tuffest religion there iz for every-day wear. He sez that one hard-shell baptiss ken do more hard work on the same vittles during a hot day than 15 episkopalites.

Our Oldest Inhabitants—Two of Them

He haz alwus used plug tobbacko from a child, and sez he lernt how teu cheu bi watching a cow cheu her cud.

He has never drunk enny intoxicating licker but whiskey, and sez that no other licker is helthy. He thinks three horn a day iz enuff for helth.

He haz alwus vited the dimokratik ticket for the last 170 years, and walked, last fall in sloppy weather, eighteen miles to vote for Jim Buchanan.

He haint seen a raleroad yet, nor a wimmin's rite convenshun.

His greatest desire, he tells me, iz teu see General Jackson, and sez that he shall go next year down teu Tennessee teu see him.

He fatted a hog last year, with his own hands, that weighed 636 pounds after it was drest and well dried out. He iz very cheerful, and sez he won 7 dollars on the weight ov this hog, out ov one ov the deakons ov the hard-shell church. He deklares this teu be one uv the proudest acksidents ov hiz life, for the deakon waz known far and near az a tite kuss.

He tells me that for ninety years he haz went teu

AMERICAN PROSE HUMOR 33

 By Josh Billings

bed at just 17 minnits after 9, and has arozen at precisely 5 o'clock the next day.

The fust thing he duz in the morning iz teu take a short drink, about two inches, and then for an hour before breakfasst he reads the almanax. (*I will here state that it is "Josh Billings' Farmers' Almanax" that he reads.*)

I asked him hiz opinyun ov gin and milk az a fertilizer. He pronounced it bogus, and sed that the good old hard-shell drink, *whiskey unadorned*, waz the only speerits that never went bak on a man.

Hiz habits are simple. For brekfast he generally et four slices ov psalt pork, three biled pertatoze, a couple ov sassagis, five hot bissskit, a dozen ov hard-biled eggs, two kups ov rhye coffe, a small plate ov slapjax, sum phew pickles, and cold cabbage and vinegar, if there waz enny left from yesterday's dinner.

Hiz dinner waz alwus a lite one, and he seldum et ennything but sum biled mutton, sum korned beef, sum kold ham, and sum injun puddin' teu top oph with.

Hiz suppers were mere nothing, and konsisted sim-

Our Oldest Inhabitants—Two of Them

ply ov kold psalt pork, kold korned beef, kold biled mutton, and, once in a grate while, a phew slices ov kold ham, with mustard and hoss reddish.

I examined hiz hed, and found that he had all the usual bumps in a remarkable state ov preservashun.

He haz a good ear for musik, and whisselled me Yankee Doodle, with variashuns.

He was born a shumaker, but hasn't done ennything at the trade for the last 125 years. He enjoys the best ov health, but just now he is teething, which he tells me iz his seventh sett.

He is a firm beleaver in the Darwin theory, and sez he used teu hear hiz grate-grandfather tell ov a race ov men sumwhar down on the coast ov Florida, who had sum little ov the kaudle appendix still remaining.

On the subjekt ov marriage hiz hed seems teu be ded level. He sed "that he had been married 15 times, and proposed again teu Hannah Campbell, a lady in the naberhood, who waz 28 years old.

I asked him what he thought his chances were for obtaining the lady's hand, and he sed "it lay between him and one Theodorus Whitney, a traveling

By Josh Billings

korn doctor," and added "if Whitney didn't look out he would enlarge his head for him."

Upon mi asking him what he attributed his immense life and vigor to, he sed, in a klear and distinkt voice :

"To three small horns ov whiskey a day, beleaving in the hard-shell doktering, and voting unanimously the demokratik ticket."

I thankt him very mutch for the informashun he had given me ov himself, and asked him if he had enny objekshun to mi putting it into print, and he manifested a great desire that i should do so, not forgetting teu make special menshun ov what he had sed about enlarging Whitney's hed for him, for he thought that would klear him out of the naberhood.

I left John Bascomb after a deliteful visit ov four hours, and thought over teu miseld if thare waz enny two rules for long life that had been thus far diskov-ered that waz alike.

The more i thought ov this, the more i wished i could cum akrost Methuseler for a feu minnits, and hear him tell how he managed.

ELIZIBETH MEACHEM

Lib Meachem (az she iz familiarly called in the township whare she resides) iz one ov the rarest gems ov extenuated mortality that has ever been mi blessed luk teu enkounter.

She iz not so old az Bascomb bi about two years, being only about 194 years old. Next to Lot's wife she iz the best preserved woman the world kontains.

I reached her place ov residence early in the morn-ing, and in one minnit after I told her mi bizzness her tounge had a phull hed ov steam on, and for three hours it run like a stream ov quicksilver down an inklined plain.

I asked her a thousand questions at least, but not one ov them did she answer, but kept talking all the time faster than Pocahontas kan pace down hill teu saddle.

Az near az i could find out she had lived 194 years simply bekauze she couldn't die without cutting short one ov her storys.

I asked her teu show me her tongue—I wanted to

By Josh Billings

see if that member waz badly worn; but she couldn't stop it long enuff teu sho it.

This woman haz reached her enormous age without enny partikular habit.

She haz outlived every boddy she haz kum akrost, so far, by out-talking them.

The only subjekt that I could for a moment arrest the flood ov her language with waz the fashions; but this was a subjekt upon whitch i unfortunately wan't mutch.

As a last hope ov drawing her out upon sum fakts az teu her mode ov life, i tutchted upon that all-absorbing topick teu both old and yung—i refer now teu matrimony.

Her fust husband, it seemed, was a carpenter, and, teu use her own words, "waz teu lazy teu talk, or teu listen while she talked, and so he died."

Her seckond husband waz a pretty good talker, but a poor listener, and, tharefore, he died.

Her third husband waz a deff and dum man, and, az she remarked, "either he or she had got teu die, and the man died."

Our Oldest Inhabitants—Two of Them

Her fourth husband undertook teu out-talk her, and died early.

In this way she went on deskribing her husbands, twelve in all.

Az i roze teu depart i sed teu her sollemly:

“ELIZIBETH MEACHEM, yu hav been mutch mar-rid, and mutch an inkosolate widder—at what time ov life do yu think the marrid state ceazes teu be preferable?”

She replied:

“Yu must ask sumboddy older than i am.”

THE INTERVIEWER

BY MARK TWAIN

THE nervous, dapper, "peart" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with the *Daily Thunderstorm*, and added:

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"Interview you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

I was not feeling well that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookcase, and when I had been looking six or seven minutes, found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said:

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"Oh, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?"

The Interviewer

"I don't want to spell it. I want to see what it means."

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say. I can tell you what it means, if you—if you —"

"Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too."

"In, *in*; ter, *ter*; inter —"

"Then you spell it with an *I*?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Oh, that is what took me so long!"

"Why, my dear sir, what did you propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I — I — I — hardly know. I had the Unabridged, and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might see her among the pictures; but it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they would n't have a *picture* of it even in the latest e — My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world, but you do not look as — as — intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm — I mean no harm at all."

"Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, that I am quite

By Mark Twain

remarkable in that way. Yes — yes; they always speak of it with rapture.”

“I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom now to interview any man who has become notorious.”

“Indeed! I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?”

“Ah, well — well — well — this is disheartening. It ought to be done with a club in some cases; but, customarily, it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions, calculated to bring out the salient points in your public and private history?”

“Oh, with pleasure — with pleasure. I have a very bad memory, but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory, singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes into a gallop, and then it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me.”

“Oh, it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can.”

“I will. I will put my whole mind on it.”

The Interviewer

“Thanks. Are you ready to begin?”

“Ready.”

Question. How old are you?

Answer. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious somehow.

Q. It does indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr if you are only nineteen years —

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it is only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and —

By Mark Twain

Q. But, good heavens! If you were at his funeral he must have been dead; and if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say that he spoke to you, and that he was dead?

A. I did n't say he was dead.

Q. But was n't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What do you think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It was n't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you — however, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask you something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen,

The Interviewer

and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (Shaking hands.) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but, somehow, I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing.

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I — I — I think so — yes — but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this picture on the wall? Is n't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that was a brother of mine. That's William, Bill we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why, he is dead, then?

A. Ah, well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That was sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

By Mark Twain

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. Buried him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead —

A. No, no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again.

A. I bet he did n't.

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. Somebody was dead. Somebody was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. That's just it! That's it exactly! You see we were twins — defunct and I; and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned; but we did n't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was me.

Q. Well, that is remarkable. What do you think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now,

The Interviewer

which I have never revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole, on the back of his left hand; that was me. That child was the one that was drowned?

Q. Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't? Well, I do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh! don't mention it where the family can hear it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

A. Oh, it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the

By Mark Twain

cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the cemetery, and so he *got up, and rode with the driver.*

.

The young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company, and I was sorry to see him go.

SCOTTY BRIGGS AND THE CLERGYMAN

BY MARK TWAIN

SCOTTY BRIGGS choked and even shed tears; but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said in lugubrious tones to the clergyman:

“Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?”

“Am I the — pardon me, I believe I do not understand?”

With another sigh, and half-sob, Scotty rejoined:

“Why, you see, we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you would give us a lift, if we ’d tackle you; that is, if I ’ve got the rights of it, and you are the head clerk of the doxology-works next door.”

“I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door.”

“The which?”

“The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises.”

Scotty Briggs and the Clergyman

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:

“You ruther hold over me, pard. I reckon I can’t call that hand. Ante and pass the buck.”

“How? I beg pardon. What did I understand you to say?”

“Well, you’ve ruther got the bulge on me. Or, maybe, we’ve both got the bulge, somehow. You don’t smoke me, and I don’t smoke you. You see, one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send-off, and so the thing I’m on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us, and waltz him through handsome.”

“My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them in some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact unincumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?”

Another pause and more reflection. Then, said Scotty:

By Mark Twain

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You have raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of yourn is too many for me — that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand and gave himself up to thought. Presently his face came up, sorrowful but confident.

"I've got it now so's you can savvy," he said.

"What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp. Parson."

"Oh! Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman — a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there!" extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand, and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh.

Scotty Briggs and the Clergyman

Don't you mind my snuffling a little, becuz we 're in a power of trouble. You see, one of the boys has gone up the flume —"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume — throwed up the sponge, you understand."

"Throwed up the sponge?"

"Yes — kicked the bucket."

"Ah! has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return! I reckon not. Why, pard, he 's *dead!*"

"Yes, I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well, I thought maybe you might be getting tangled some more. Yes, you see he 's dead again —"

"*Again?* Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No! Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet you he 's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I 'd never seen this day. I don't want no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I knowed him by the back; and when I know a man and like him, I freeze to him — you hear *me*. Take him all round, pard, there never

By Mark Twain

was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever knowed Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know; it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him."

"Scooped him?"

"Yes; death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It's a kind of a hard world, after all, *ain't* it? But, pard, he was a rustler! You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever drawed breath. Pard, he was *on* it! He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight, you understand. *He* didn't give a continental for *anybody*. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss-word; but you see I'm on an awful strain, in this palaver, on account of having to camp down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't no getting around that

Scotty Briggs and the Clergyman

I don't reckon. Now, if we can get you to help plant him —"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it—that's our little game. We are going to get the thing up regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet his funeral ain't going to be no slouch—solid silver door-plate for his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box in a biled shirt and a plug hat—how 's that for high? And we'll take care of *you*, pard. We'll fix you all right. There'll be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want, you just 'scape out and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that knowed him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town quiet and peaceable than any

By Mark Twain

man in it. I 've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes myself. If a thing wanted regulating, he warn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic. Scacely. He was down on 'em. His word was, 'No Irish need apply!' But it did n't make no difference about that when it came down to what a man's rights was—and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic bone-yard, and started in to stake out town lots in it, he *went* for 'em! And he *cleaned* 'em, too! I was there, pard, and I seen it myself."

"That was well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was strictly defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge allegiance to, a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you 've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather had he ever been connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of morality?"

Scotty Briggs and the Clergyman

“All down but nine—set ’em up on the other alley, pard.”

“What did I understand you to say?”

“Why, you ’re most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw your fill; but I don’t seem to have any luck. Let ’s have a new deal.”

“How? Begin again?”

“That ’s it.”

“Very well. Was he a good man, and—”

“There—I see that; don’t put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, say you? Pard, it ain’t no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He was always for peace, and he would *have* peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that, and do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodis’ Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he,

By Mark Twain

‘No Irish need apply!’ And they did n’t. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard! He could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling it than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard—it’ll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother.”

“Never shook his mother?”

“That’s it—any of the boys will tell you so.”

“Well, but why should he shake her?”

“That’s what I say—but some people does.”

“Not people of any repute.”

“Well, some that averages pretty so-so.”

“In my opinion the man that could offer personal violence to his own mother ought to—”

“Cheese it, pard; you’ve banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was drivin’ at was, that he never *throwed off* on his mother—don’t you see? No, indeedy! He gave her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her, and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I’m d—d if he

Scotty Briggs and the Clergyman

did n't set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, pard, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it *there!*”
[Another fraternal hand-shake—and exit.]

MILLING IN POMPEII

BY BILL NYE

WHILE visiting Naples last fall, I took a great interest in the wonderful museum there, of objects that have been exhumed from the ruins of Pompeii. It is a remarkable collection, including, among other things, the cumbersome machinery of a large woolen factory, the receipts, contracts, statements of sales, etc., etc., of bankers, brokers, and usurers. I was told that the exhumist also ran into an Etruscan bucket-shop in one part of the city, but owing to the long, dry spell, the buckets had fallen to pieces.

The object which engrossed my attention the most, however, was what seemed to have been a circular issued prior to the great volcanic vomit of 79 A.D., and no doubt prior even to the Christian era. As the date is torn off, however, we are left to conjecture the time at which it was issued. I was permitted to make a copy of it, and with the aid of my hired man, I have translated it with great care:

Milling in Pompeii

Office of

LUCRETIUS & PROCALUS,

Dealers in

Flour, Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Screenings, Etruscan
Hen Feed, and Other Choice Bric-a-Brac.

Highest Cash Price Paid for Neapolitan Winter
Wheat and Roman Corn.

Why haul your Wheat through the sand to Hercu-
laneum, when we pay the same price here?

OFFICE AND MILL, Via VIII, near the Stabian
Gate, Only Thirteen Blocks from the P. O. Pompeii.

DEAR SIR.—This circular has been called out by
another one issued last month by Messrs. Toecorneous
& Chilblainicus, alleged millers and wheat buyers of
Herculaneum, in which they claim to pay a quarter
to a half cent more per bushel than we do for wheat,
and charge us with docking the farmers around Pom-
peii a pound per bushel more than necessary for
cockle, wild buckwheat, and pigeon-grass seed.
They make the broad statement that we have made
all our money in this way, and claim that Mr.

By Bill Nye

Lucretius, of our mill, has erected a fine house, which the farmers allude to as the "wild buckwheat villa."

We do not, as a general rule, pay any attention to this kind of stuff; but when two snide romans, who went to Herculaneum, without a dollar, and drank stale beer out of an old Etruscan tomato-can the first year they were there, assail our integrity, we feel like making a prompt and final reply. We desire to state to the Roman farmers that we do not test their wheat with the crooked brass tester that has made more money for Messrs. Toecorneous & Chilbainicus than their old mill has. We do not do that kind of business. Neither do we buy a man's wheat at a cash price and then work off four or five hundred pounds of XXXX Imperial hog feed on him in part payment. When we buy a man's wheat we pay him in money. We do not seek to fill him up with sour Carthaginian cracked wheat and orders on the store.

We would also call attention to the improvements that we have just made in our mill. Last week we put a handle in the upper burr, and we have also engaged one of the best head millers in Pompeii to turn the crank day-times. Our old head miller will over-

Milling in Pompeii

see the business at night, so that the mill will be in full blast day and night, except when the head miller has gone to his meals or stopped to spit on his hands.

The mill of our vile contemporaries at Herculaneum, is an old one that was used around Naples one hundred years ago to smash rock for the Neapolitan road, and is entirely out of repair. It was also used in a brick yard here near Pompeii; then an old junk man sold it to a tenderfoot from Jerusalem as an ice-cream freezer. He found that it would not work, and so used it to grind up potato bugs for blisters. Now, it is grinding ostensible flour at Herculaneum.

We desire to state to farmers about Pompeii that we aim to please. We desire to make a grade of flour this summer that will not have to be run through the coffee-mill before it can be used. We will also pay you the highest price for good wheat, and give you good weight. Our capacity is now greatly enlarged, both as to storage and grinding. We now turn out a sack of flour, complete and ready for use, every little while. We have an extra handle for the mill, so that in case of accident to the one now

By Bill Nye

in use, we need not shut down but a few moments. We call attention to our XXXX Git-there brand of flour. It is the best flour in the market for making angels' food and other celestial groceries. We fully warrant it, and will agree that for every sack containing whole kernels of corn, corncobs, or other foreign substances, not thoroughly pulverized, we will refund the money already paid, and show the person through our mill.

We would also like to call the attention of farmers and housewives around Pompeii to our celebrated Dough Squatter. It is purely automatic in its operation, requiring only two men to work it. With this machine two men will knead all the bread they can eat and do it easily, feeling thoroughly refreshed at night. They also avoid that dark maroon taste in the mouth so common in Pompeii on arising in the morning.

To those who do not feel able to buy one of these machines, we would say that we have made arrangements for the coming season, so that those who wish may bring their dough to our mammoth squatter and get it treated at our place at the nominal price of two

Milling in Pompeii

bits per squat. Strangers calling for their squat or unsquat dough, will have to be identified.

Do nor forget the place,

Via VIII, near Stabian Gate,

Lucretius & Procalus.

Dealers in choice family flour, cut feed, and oatmeal, with or without clinkers in it. Try our lumpless bran for indigestion.

ALL ABOUT ORATORY

BY BILL NYE

TWENTY centuries ago last Christmas there was born in Attica, near Athens, the father of oratory, the greatest orator of whom history has told us. His name was Demosthenes. Had he lived until this spring, he would have been 2,270 years old; but he did not live. Demosthenes has crossed the mysterious river. He has gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

Most of you, no doubt, have heard about it. On those who may not have heard it, the announcement will fall with a sickening thud.

This sketch is not intended to cast a gloom over your hearts. It was designed to cheer those who read it, and make them glad they could read.

Therefore I would have been glad if I could have spared them the pain which this sudden breaking of the news of the death of Demosthenes will bring. But it could not be avoided. We should remember

All About Oratory

the transitory nature of life, and when we are tempted to boast of our health, and strength, and wealth, let us remember the sudden and early death of Demosthenes.

Demosthenes was not born an orator. He struggled hard, and failed many times. He was homely, and he stammered in his speech; but before his death they came to him for hundreds of miles to get him to open their county fairs, and jerk the bird of freedom bald-headed on the Fourth of July.

When Demosthenes's father died, he left fifteen talents to be divided between Demosthenes and his sister. A talent is equal to about \$1,000. I often wish I had been born a little more talented.

Demosthenes had a short breath, a hesitating speech, and his manners were very ungraceful. To remedy his stammering, he filled his mouth with pebbles and howled his sentiments at the angry sea. However, Plutarch says that Demosthenes made a gloomy fizzle of his first speech. This did not discourage him. He finally became the smoothest orator in that country, and it was no uncommon thing for him to fill the First Baptist Church of Athens full. There are now

By Bill Nye

sixty of his orations extant, part of them written by Demosthenes and part of them written by his private secretary.

When he started in, he was gentle, mild, and quiet in his manner; but later on, carrying his audience with him, he at last became enthusiastic. He thundered, he roared, he whooped, he howled, he jarred the windows, he sawed the air, he split the horizon with his clarion notes, he tipped over the table, kicked the lamps out of the chandeliers, and smashed the big bass viol over the chief fiddler's head.

Oh, Demosthenes was business when he got started. It will be a long time before we see another off-hand speaker like Demosthenes, and I, for one, have never been the same man since I learned of his death.

"Such was the first of orators," says Lord Brougham. "At the head of all the mighty masters of speech, the adoration of ages has consecrated his place, and the loss of the noble instrument with which he forged and launched his thunders is sure to maintain it unapproachable forever."

I have always been a great admirer of the oratory of Demosthenes, and those who have heard both of

us think there is a certain degree of similarity in our style.

And not only did I admire Demosthenes as an orator, but as a man; and, though I am no Vanderbilt, I feel as though I would be willing to head a subscription list for the purpose of doing the square thing by his sorrowing wife, if she is left in want, as I understand that she is.

I must now leave Demosthenes and pass on rapidly to speak of Patrick Henry.

Mr. Henry was the man who wanted liberty or death. He preferred liberty, though. If he could n't have liberty, he wanted to die, but he was in no great rush about it. He would like liberty, if there was plenty of it; but if the British had no liberty to spare, he yearned for death. When the tyrant asked him what style of death he wanted, he said that he would rather die of extreme old age. He was willing to wait, he said. He did n't want to go unprepared, and he thought it would take him eighty or ninety years more to prepare, so that when he was ushered into another world he would n't be ashamed of himself.

One hundred and ten years ago Patrick Henry said:

By Bill Nye

“Sir, our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come. I repeat it, sir, let it come!”

In the spring of 1860 I used almost the same language. So did Horace Greeley. There were four or five of us who got our heads together and decided that the war was inevitable, and consented to let it come.

Then it came. Whenever there is a large, inevitable conflict loafing around waiting for permission to come, it devolves on the great statesmen and bald-headed *literati* of the nation to avoid all delay. It was so with Patrick Henry. He permitted the land to be deluged with gore, and then he retired. It is the duty of the great orator to howl for war, and then hold some other man's coat while he fights.

MY MINE

BY BILL NYE

I HAVE decided to sacrifice another valuable piece of mining property this spring. It would not be sold if I had the necessary capital to develop it. It is a good mine, for I located it myself. I remember well the day that I climbed up on the ridge-pole of the universe, and nailed my location notice to the eaves of the sky.

It was in August that I discovered the Vanderbilt claim in a snow-storm. It cropped out apparently a little southeast of a point where the arc of the orbit of Venus bisects the Milky Way, and ran due east eighty chains, three links, and a swivel, thence south fifteen paces and a half to a blue spot in the sky, thence proceeding west eighty chains, three links of sausage and a half to a fixed star, thence north across the lead to place of beginning.

The Vanderbilt set out to be a carbonate deposit, but changed its mind. I sent a piece of the cropping

My Mine

to a man over in Salt Lake, who is a good assayer and quite a scientist, if he would brace up and avoid humor. His assay read as follows, to-wit:

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., August 25, 1877.

MR. BILL NYE: Your specimen of ore, No. 35832, current series, has been submitted to assay, and shows the following result:

Metal.	Ounces.	Value per ton.
Gold.....	—	—
Silver.....	—	—
Railroad Iron.....	1	—
Pyrites of poverty.....	9	—
Parasites of disappointment.....	90	—

McVICKER, Assayer.

NOTE.—I also find that the formation is igneous, prehistoric, and erroneous. If I were you I would sink a prospect shaft below the vertical slide where the old red brimstone and preadamite slag crosscut the malachite and intersect the schist. I think that would be schist about as good as anything you could do. Then send me specimens, with \$2 for assay, and we shall see what we shall see.

Well, I did n't know he was "an humorist," you see, so I went to work on the Vanderbilt to try to do what Mac. said. I sank a shaft and everything else I could get hold of on that claim. It was so high that we had to carry water up there to drink when

By Bill Nye

we began, and before fall we had struck a vein of the richest water you ever saw. We had more water in that mine than the regular army could use.

When we got down sixty feet I sent some pieces of the pay streak to the assayer again. This time he wrote me quite a letter, and at the same time inclosed the certificate of assay.

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., October 3, 1877.

MR. BILL NYE: Your specimen of ore, No. 36132, current series, has been submitted to assay, and shows the following result:

Metal.	Ounces.	Value per ton.
Gold.....	—	—
Silver.....	—	—
Stove Polish.....	trace	.01
Old Gray Whetstone.....	trace	.01
Bromide of Axle Grease.....	stain	—
Copperas.....	trace	5c. worth
Blue Vitriol.....	trace	5c. worth

McVICKER, Assayer.

In the letter he said there was, no doubt, something in the claim if I could get the true contact with calcimine walls denoting a true fissure. He thought I ought to run a drift. I told him I had already run adrift.

Then he said to stope out my stove polish ore, and sell it for enough to go on with the development. I

My Mine

tried that, but capital seemed coy. Others had been there before me, and capital bade me soak my head, and said other things which grated harshly on my sensitive nature.

The Vanderbilt mine, with all its dips, spurs, angles, variations, veins, sinuosities, rights, titles, franchises, prerogatives, and assessments now for sale. I sell it in order to raise the necessary funds for the development of the Governor of North Carolina. I had so much trouble with water in the Vanderbilt, that I named the new claim the Governor of North Carolina, because he was always dry.

SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA

THE idee on't come to me one day about sundown, or a little before sundown. I was a settin' in calm peace, and a big rockin' chair covered with a handsome copperplate, a readin' what the Sammist says about "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." The words struck deep, and as I said, it was jest that very minute that the idee struck me about goin' to Saratoga. Why I should have had the idee jest at that minute I can't tell, nor Josiah can't. We have talked about it sense.

But good land ! such creeters as thoughts be never wuz, nor never will be. They will creep in, and round, and over everything, and get inside your mind (entirely unbeknown to you) at any time. Curious, hain't it ? How you may try to hedge 'em out, and shet the doors and everything. But they will creep up into your mind, climb up and draw up their ladders, and there they will be, and stalk round independent as if they owned your hull head ; curious !

Samantha at Saratoga

Well, there the idee wuz—I never knew nothin' about it, nor how it got there. But there it wuz, lookin' me right in the face of my soul, kinder pert and saucy, sayin', "You 'd better go to Saratoga next summer; you and Josiah."

But I argued with it. Sez I: "What should we go to Saratoga for? None of the relations live there on my side, or on hisen; why should we go?"

But still that idee kep' hantin' me; "You 'd better go to Saratoga next summer, you and Josiah." And it whispered, "Mebby it will help Josiah's corns." (He is dretful troubled with corns.) And so the idee kep' a naggin' me; it nagged me for three days and three nights before I mentioned it to my Josiah. And when I did, he scorfed at the idee. He said, "The idee of water curing them dumb corns—"

Sez I, "Josiah Allen, stranger things have been done." Sez I, "That water is *very* strong. It does wonders."

And he scorfed again, and sez, "Don't you believe faith could cure 'em?"

Sez I, "If it wuz strong enough it could."

But the thought kep' a naggin' me stiddy, and then

By Josiah Allen's Wife

—here is the curious part of it—the thought nagged me, and I nagged Josiah; or, not exactly nagged, not a clear nag; I despise them, and always did. But I kinder kep' it before his mind from day to day, and from hour to hour. And the idee would keep a tellin' me things, and I would keep a tellin' 'em to my companion. The idee would keep a sayin' to me: "It is one of the most beautiful places in our native land. The waters will help you, the inspirin' music, and elegance and gay enjoyment you will find there, will sort a uplift you. You had better go there on a tower"; and again it sez, "Mebby it will help Josiah's corns."

And old Dr. Gale a happenin' in about that time, I asked him about it. (He doctored me when I was a baby, and I have helped 'em for years. Good old creetur, he don't get along as well as he ort to. Loontown is a healthy place.) I told him about my strong desire to go to Saratoga, and I asked him plain if he thought the water would help my partner's corns. And he looked dredful wise, and he riz up and walked across the floor 2 and fro several times, probably 3 times to, and the same number of times fro, with his

Samantha at Saratoga

arms crossed back under the skirt of his coat, and his eyebrows knit in deep thought, before he answered me. Finely he said that modern science had not fully demonstrated yet the direct bearing of water on corn. In some cases it might, and probably did, stimulate 'em to greater luxuriance, and then again a great flow of water might retard their growth.

Sez I, anxiously, "Then you 'd advise me to go there with him?"

"Yes," sez he, "on the hull, I advise you to go."

Them words I reported to Josiah, and sez I, in anxious axents, "Dr. Gale advises u to go."

And Josiah sez, "I guess I sha'n't mind what that old fool sez."

Them wuz my partner's words, much as I hate to tell 'em. But from day to day I kep' it stiddy before him, how dang'r'us it was to go ag'inst a doctor's advice. And from day to day he would scorf at the plan. And I, ev'ry now and then, and mebbly oftener, would get him an extra good meal, and attack him on the subject immegatly afterwards. But ali in vain. And I see that when he had that immoveble sotness onto him, one extra meal would n't

By Josiah Allen's Wife

soften or molify him. No, I see plain I must make a more voyalent effort. And I made it. For three stiddy days I put before that man the best vittles that these hands could make, or this brain could plan.

And at the end of the third day I gently tackled him agin on the subject, and his state wuz such, bland, serene, happified, that he consented without a parlay. And so it wuz settled that the next summer we wuz to go to Saratoga. And he began to count on it, and make preparation in a way that I hated to see.

Yes, from the very minute our two minds wuz made up to go to Saratoga Josiah Allen wuz set on havin' sunthin' new and uneek in the way of dress and whiskers. I looked coldly on the idee of puttin' a gay stripe down the legs of the new pantaloons I made for him, and broke it up, also a figured vest. I went through them two crises and came out triumphant.

Then he went and bought a new bright pink neck-tie, with broad long ends, which he intended to have float out down the front of his vest. And I im-megatly took it for the light colored blocks in my

Samantha at Saratoga

silk log-cabin bed-quilt. Yes, I settled the matter of that pink neck-gear with a high hand and a pair of shears. And Josiah sez now that he bought it for that purpose, for the bed-quilt, because he loves to see a dressy quilt—sez he always enjoys seein' a cabin look sort o' gay. But good land! he did n't. He intended and calculated to wear that necktie into Saratoga—a sight for men and angels—if I had n't broke it up.

But in the matter of whiskers, there I wuz powerless. He trimmed 'em (unbeknown to me) all off the side of his face, them good, honerable side whiskers of hisen, that had stood by him for years in solemnity and decency, and begun to cultivate a little patch on the end of his chin. I argued with him, and talked well on the subject, elequent, but it wuz of no use, I might as well have argued with the wind in March.

He said he wuz bound on goin' into Saratoga with a fashionable whisker, come what would.

And then I sithed, and he sez: "You have broke up my pantaloons, my vest, and my necktie; you have ground me down onto plain broadcloth, but in

By Josiah Allen's Wife

the matter of whiskers, I am firm! Yes," sez he, "on these whiskers I take my stand!"

And agin I sithed heavy, and I sez in a dretful impressive way, as I looked on 'em, "Josiah Allen, remember you are a father and a grandfather!"

And he sez firmly, "If I wuz a great-grandfather I would trim my whiskers in jest this way; that is, if I wuz a goin' to set up to be fashionable and a goin' to Saratoga for my health."

And I groaned kinder low to myself, and kep' hopin' that mebby they would n't grow very fast, or that some axident would happen to 'em, that they would get afire or sunthin'. But they did n't. And they grew from day to day luxurient in length, but thin. And his watchful care kep' 'em from axident, and I wuz too high princepled to set fire to 'em when he wuz asleep, though sometimes, on a moonlight night, I wuz tempted to, sorely tempted.

But I did n't, and they grew from day to day, till they wuz the curiusest lookin' patch o' whiskers that I ever see. And when we sot out for Saratoga, they wuz jest about as long as a shavin' brush, and looked some like one. There wuz no look of a class-leader

Samantha at Saratoga

and a perfesser about 'em, and I told him so. But he worshiped 'em, and gloried in the idee of goin' afar to show 'em off.

But the neighbors received the news that we wuz goin' to a waterin' place coldly, or with ill-concealed envy.

Uncle Jonas Bentley told us he should n't think we 'd want to go round to waterin' troughs at our age.

And I told him it wuz n't a waterin' trough, and if it wuz, I thought our age wuz jest as good a one as any, to go to it.

He had the impression that Saratoga was a immense waterin' trough where the country all drove themselves summers to be watered. He is deaf as a hemlock post, and I yelled up at him jest as loud as I dast for fear of breakin' open my own chest, that the water got into us, instid of our gettin' into the water, but I did n't make him understand, for I hearn afterwards of his sayin' that, as nigh as he could make out, we all got into the waterin' trough and wuz watered.

The school teacher, a young man with long,

By Josiah Allen's Wife

small lims, and some pimply on the face, but well meanin', he sez to me, "Saratoga is a beautiful spah."

And I sez warmly: "It ain't no such thing, it is a village, for I have seen a peddler who went right through it, and watered his horses there, and he sez it is a waterin' place, and a village."

"Yes," sez he, "it is a beautiful village, a modest, retiren city, and at the same time it is the most noted spah on this continent."

I would n't contend with him, for it wuz on the stoop of the meetin' house, and I believe in bein' reverent. But I knew it wuz n't no "spah"—that had a dreadful flat sound to me. And any way, I knew I should face its realities soon, and know all about it. Lots of wimen said that for anybody who lived right on the side of a canal, and had two good cisterns on the place, and a well, they did n't see why I should feel in a sufferin' condition for any more water; and if I did, why did n't I ketch rain-water?

Such wuz some of the deep arguments they brung up against my embarkin' on this enterprise; they talked about it sights and sights—why, it lasted the

Samantha at Saratoga

neighbors for a stiddy conversation till along about the middle of the winter. Then the minister's wife bought a new alpacky dress—unbeknown to the church till it wuz made up—and that kind o' drawed their minds off o' me for a spell.

Aunt Polly Pixley wuz the only one who received the intelligence gladly. And she thought she would go, too. She had been kinder run down, and most bed-rid for years. And I encouraged Aunt Polly in the idee, for she wuz well off. Yes, Mr. and Miss Pixley wuz very well off, though they lived in a little mite of a dark, low, lonesome house, with some tall Pollard willows in front of the door in a row, and jest across the road from a graveyard.

Her husband had been close, and wuz n't willin' to have any other luxury or means of recreation in the house only a bass viol that had been his father's—he used to play on that for hours and hours. I thought that wuz one reason why Polly wuz so nervous. I said to Josiah that it would have killed me outright to have that low grumblin' goin' on from day to day, and to look at them tall lonesome willows and grave stuns.

But, howsumever, Polly's husband had died durin'

By Josiah Allen's Wife

the summer, and Polly parted with the bass viol the day after the funeral. She got out some now, and wuz quite wrought up with the idee of goin' to Saratoga.

But Sister Minkley, sister in the church, and sister-in-law by reason of Whitefield, sez to me, that she should think I would think twice before I danced and waltzed round waltzes.

And I sez, "I hain't thought ov doin' it; I hain't thought ov dancin' round or square or any other shape."

Sez she, "You have got to, if you go to Saratoga."

Sez I, "Not while life remains in this frame."

And old Miss Bobbet came up that minute—it wuz in the store that we were a talkin'—and sez she, "It seems to me, Josiah Allen's wife, that you are too old to wear low-necked dresses and short sleeves."

"And I should think you'd take cold a goin' bearheaded," sez Miss Luman Spink, who wuz with her.

Sez I, lookin' at 'em coldly, "Are you lunys, or has softness begun on your brains?"

Samantha at Saratoga

“Why,” sez they, “you are talkin’ about goin’ to Saratoga, hain’t you?”

“Yes,” sez I.

“Well, then, you have got to wear ’em,” says Miss Bobbet. “They don’t let anybody inside ov the incorporation without they have got on a low-necked dress and short sleeves.”

“And bear-headed,” says Miss Spink; “if they have got a thing on their heads they won’t let ’em in.”

Sez I, “I don’t believe it.”

Sez Miss Bobbet: “It is so, fôr I hearn it, and hearn it straight. James Bobbet’s wife’s sister had a second cousin that lived neighbor to a woman whose niece had been there; been right there on the spot. And Celestine Bobbet, Uncle Ephraim’s Celestine, hearn it from James’s wife when she wuz up there last spring; it come straight. They all have to go in low-necks.”

“And not a mite of anything on their heads,” says Miss Spink.

Sez I, in sarcasticle axents, “Do men have to go in low-necks, too?”

By Josiah Allen's Wife

"No," says Miss Bobbet, "but they have to have the tails of their coats kinder pinted. Why," sez she, "I hearn of a man that got clear to the incorporation, and they wouldn't let him in because his coat kinder rounded off round the bottom; so he went out by the side of the road, and pinned up his coat-tails into a sort of a pinted shape, and good land! the incorporation let him right in, and never said a word."

I contended that these things wuz n't so, but I found it wuz the prevailin' opinion. For when I went to see the dressmaker about makin' me a dress for the occasion, I see she felt just like the rest about it. My dress wuz a good black alpacky. I thought I would have it begun along in the edge of the winter, when she did n't have so much to do, and also to have it done on time. We laid out to start on the follerin' July, and I felt that I wanted everything ready.

I bought the dress the 7th day of November, early in the forenoon, the next day after my pardner consented to go, and gave 65 cents a yard for it, double wedth. I thought I could get it done on time; dress-makers are drove a good deal. But I felt that a

Samantha at Saratoga

dressmaker could commence a dress in November and get it done the follerin' July, without no great strain bein' put onto her; and I am fur from bein' the one to put strains onto wimmen, and hurry 'em beyend their strength. But I felt Alminy had time to make it on honor and with good buttonholes.

"Well," she sez, the first thing after she had unrolled the alpacky, and held it up to the light to see if it wuz firm, sez she, "I s'pose you are goin' to have it made with a long train, and low neck, and short sleeves, and the waist all girted down to a taper?"

I wuz agast at the idee, and to think Alminy should broach it to me, and I give her a piece of my mind that must have lasted her for days and days. It wuz a long piece, and firm as iron. But she is a woman who likes to have the last word, and carry out her own idees, and she insisted that nobody wuz allowed in Saratoga—that they wuz outlawed, and laughed at—if they didn't have trains, and low necks, and little mites of waists no bigger than pipe-stems.

Sez I, "Alminy Hagidone, do you s'pose that I,

By Josiah Allen's Wife

a woman of my age; and a member of the meetin' house, am a goin' to wear a low-necked dress?"

"Why not?" sez she; "it is all the fashion, and wimmen as old agin as you be wear 'em."

"Well," sez I, "it is a shame and a disgrace if they do, to say nothin' of the wickedness of it. Who do you s'pose wants to see their old skin and bones? It hain't nothin' pretty anyway. And as fer the waists bein' all girted up and drawed in, that is nothin' but crushed bones and flesh and vitals, that is just crowdin' doen your insides into a state of disease and deformity, torturin' your lungs so 's you can't breathe, it is nothin' but slow murder anyway, and if I ever take it into my head to kill myself, Alminy Hagidone, I hain't a goin' to do it in a way of perfect torture and torment to me; I 'd ruther be drowned."

She quailed, and I sez, "I am one that is goin' to take good long breaths to the very last." She see I wuz like iron aginst the idee of bein' drawed in, and tapered, and she desisted. I s'pose I did look skairful. But she seemed still to cling to the idee of low necks and trains, and she sez, sort of rebukinly:

Samantha at Saratoga

"You ortn't to go to Saratoga if you hain't willin' to do as the rest do. I s'pose," sez she, dreamily, "the streets are full of wimmen a walkin' up and down with long trains a hangin' down and sweepin' the streets, and ev'ry one on 'em with low necks and short sleeves, and all on 'em a flirtin' with some man."

"Truly," sez I, "if that is so, that is why the idee come to me. I am *needed* there. I have a high mission to perform about. But I don't believe it is so."

"Then you won't have it made with a long train?" sez she, a holdin' up a breadth of the alpacky in front of me to measure the skirt.

"No mom!" sez I, and there wuz both dignity and deep resolve in that 'mom.' It wuz as stern and firm-principled a 'mom' as I ever see, though I say it that should n't. And I see it skairt her. She measured off the breadths kinder trembly, and seemed so anxious to pacify me that she got it a leetle shorter in the back than it wuz in the front. And (for the same reason) it fairly choked me in the neck, it wuz so high, and the sleeves wuz that long that I told

By Josiah Allen's Wife

Josiah Allen (in confidence) I wuz tempted to knit some loops across the bottom of 'em and wear 'em for mits.

But I did n't, and I did n't change the dress, neither. Thinkses I, mebby it will have a good moral effect on them other old wimmen there. Thinkses I, when they see another woman melted and shortened and choked fur principle's sake, mebby they will pause in their wild careers.

Wall, this wuz in November, and I wuz to have the dress, if it wuz a possible thing, by the middle of April, so 's to get it home in time to sew some lace in the neck. And so havin' everything settled about goin' I wuz calm in my frame most all the time, and so wuz my pardner.

And right here, let me insert this oue word of wisdom for the special comfort of my sect, and yet it is one that may well be laid to heart by the more opposite one. If your pardner gets restless and oneasy, and middlin' cross, as pardners will be anon, or even oftener, start 'em off on a tower. A tower will in nine cases out of ten lift 'em out of their oneasiness, their restlessness, and their crossness.

Samantha at Saratoga

Why this is so I cannot tell, no more than I can explain other mysteries of creation, but I know it is so. I know they will come home more placider, more serener, and more settled-downer. Why I have known a short tower to Slab City or Loontown act like a charm on my pardner, when crossness wuz in his mean, and snappishness wuz present with him. I have known him to set off with the mean of a lion and come back with the liniment of a lamb. Curious, hain't it?

And jest the prospect of a tower ahead is a great help to a woman in rulin' and keepin' a pardner straight and right in his liniments and his acts. Somehow jest the thought of a tower sort a lifts him up in mind, and happifys him, and makes him easier to quell, and pardners must be quelled at times, else there would be no livin' with 'em. This is known to all wimmen companions; and men, too. Great is the mystery of pardners.

CHIMMIE MEETS THE DUCHESS

BY E. W. TOWNSEND

“**S**AY, me name ’s Dennis, an’ not Chimmie Fadden, if dem folks up dere ain’t got boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. Sure, boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. I ’m tellin’ yer, and dat ’s right. See?

“Say, dey makes it dere own selves. Naw, I ain’t stringin’ yer. It ’s right. How? Listen: Miss Fannie she sent fer me, an’ she was writin’, she was, in a little book, an’ when she writ a page she teared it out an’ pinned it on a bill.

“‘Here, Chames,’ she saus ter me, she says, ‘here, Chames, take dese bills and pay dem,’ she says.

“‘Wot t’ell will I pay dem wid, Miss Fannie?’ I says; like dat, ‘Wot t’ell will I pay dem wid?’ I says. See?

“Say, wot der ye tink she says? She says, says she, ‘Pay dem wid de checks, Chames,’ she says.

Chimmie Meets the Duchess

See? 'Dere 's a check pinned on every bill,' she says.

"Say, I taut she was stringin' me; but I tinks ter meself, if she wants ter string me, it goes. See? Wot Miss Fannie does goes, wedder it makes me look like a farmer or not. Dat 's right.

"Well, I taut I 'd get a roast when I 'd try ter pass off dose tings she writ out fer boodle. See? Wot do yer tink? Why, every one 'er dose mugs—dere was a candy store, an' dere was a flower store, an' dere was a store where dey sells womin's hats, an', holy gee! dere was all kind er stores—all dose mugs, I 'm tellin ye, dey just takes off der hats when I shoved de boodle Miss Fannie made at 'em. Dat 's right. Dat boodle was as good as nickels. Sure.

"Well, I was clean paralyzed, an' when I gits home an' was goin' ter Miss Fannie wid de bills, I meets a mug in de hall dey calls de walley. Say, all dat mug does fer 'is wages is ter take care of 'is Whisker's whiskers. Sure. 'E is 'is Whisker's walley. When 'is Whiskers wants a clean shirt dat walley gets it fer 'im, and tings like dat.

By E. W. Townsend

“I would n’t mind dat snap meself, only ’is Whiskers is a reg’lar scrapper, an’ can do me.

“Well, I was tellin’ yer ’bout meetin’ de walley in de hall. I told ’im dat Miss Fannie could make boodle outter paper, just like de President er der United States.

“Say, wot do yer tink dat mug done? ’E gives me de laugh. See? Gives me de laugh, an’ says I ’m a ig’rant wagabone.

“‘Wot t’ell!’ I says ter ’im. ‘I may be a wagabone,’ I says, ‘but I ’m not ig’rant,’ I says, like dat. ‘Wot t’ell.’ See?

“‘Miss Fannie can’t make boodle,’ says ’e, ‘no more nor I kin,’ ’e says. ‘Dem ’s checks,’ ’e says.

“Say, I was kind er layin’ fer dat dude, anyhow, ’cause ’e is allus roastin’ me. So when ’e says dat, I gives ’im a jolt in de jaw. See? Say, ’e squared ’isself in pretty good shape, an’ I taut I had a good scrap on me hands, when in comes Miss Fannie’s maid.

“Say, she ’s a doisy. Yer otter see ’er. I ’m dead stuck on ’er. She ’s French, an’ talks a forn langwudge mostly.

Chimmie Meets the Duchess

“When she showed up in de hall I drops me hands, an’ de odder mog ’e drops ’is hands, an’ I gives ’er a wink an’ says :

“‘Ah, dere, Duchess!’ like dat. See? ‘Ah, dere, Duchess!’

“Den I chases meself over ter ’er and trows me arms ’round ’er an’ gives ’er a kiss.

“Say, yer otter seed dat walley! I taut I ’d die! Holy gee, ’e was crazy! ’E flies outter de hall, but I did n’t know den wot ’is game was. I soon tumbled, dough.

“Well, as I was tellin’ ye, I gives de Duchess a kiss, an’ she says ‘Vat on,’ like dat. Dat ’s ’er forn langwudge. ‘Vat on.’ See?

“‘Hoe de yer say it is? ‘Va-t-en?’ Is it ‘get out?’

“‘Holy gee! Is dat so?

“Well, seein’ as how I was n’t on to ’er langwudge, den, I gives ’er anodder kiss.

“Dat ’s right, ain’t it? When a felley meets a Duchess he ’s stuck on, it ’s right to give ’er a kiss, ain’t it? Sure.

“Well, she runs a big bluff of pretendin’ not ter like it, an’ says ‘lace moy’ and ‘finny say.’

By E. W. Townsend

“How de yer say it is? ‘Finissez?’ Naw, dat ain’t right. ‘Finney say,’ she says, says she, but ’er langwudge bein’ forn I was n’t dead on all de time, an’ si I says nothin’ but just kept busy, I kept.

“Say, I was pretty busy when in tru de door comes Miss Fannie an’ dat mug, de walley, an’ caught me. Dat ’s wot dat mug went out fer, ter give me snap away ter Miss Fannie.

“Say, but Miss Fannie was red! An’ pretty! She was just pretty up ter de limit, I ’m tellin’ ye. Up ter de limit. See?

“She gives me a look, an’ I was parylized. See?

“But, holy gee! Ye otter seed de Duchess. She was as cool an’ smooth as ever ye seed anybody in yer life. I taut she ’d be parylized, but — say, womin is queer folks, anyhow, an’ ye never know wat t’ell dey ’ll do ’till dey do it. Sure.

“Miss Fannie she began talkin’ dat forn langwudge ter de Duchess, but de Duchess she humped ’er shoulders an’ she humped ’er eyebrows an’ looked as surprised as if she ’d put on ’er shoe wid a mouse in it.

“Den de Duchess she says, says she, talkin’

Chimmie Meets the Duchess

English, but kinder Dago like — de kind er Dago dat French folks talk when dey talks English. See? She says, says she :

“ ‘Meester Cheemes ’e don’t do nottin’, she says, like dat. See?

“ ‘Say, was n’t dat great? Are ye on? See? Why, youse must be a farmer. I was dead on ter onct. Say, de Duchess talked English to tip me. See? She did n’t want me ter give de game away.

“ ‘Miss Fannie she was dead on, too, fer she got redder, an’ looked just like an actress on top er de stage, sure. She told de Duchess to talk dat forn langwudge, I guess, fer dey jawed away like a ambulance gong, an’ I was near crazy, fer I taut I was gettin’ de gran’ roast an’ I could n’t understan’ dere talk. See?

“ ‘Bout de time I taut I ’d drop dead fer not knowin’ wot t’ell dey was sayin’, Miss Fannie she turns ter me an’ says, says she:

“ ‘ ‘Chimmie,’ she says, ‘wot was yer doin’ of?’ she says.

“ ‘ ‘Nottin’,’ I says; ‘nottin’ ’tall, Miss Fannie,’ says I, ‘only askin’ de Duchess where t’ell yer was,’

By E. W. Townsend

I say, 'so I could give yer de bills wot I paid wid de boodle,' I says.

"Then Miss Fannie she taut er while, an' she says suddent, says she: 'Wot did she say when yer ast 'er where I was?' she says.

"Say, dere was where I was a farmer, a dead farmer. Stid of chippin' in wid a song an' dance 'bout somet'in' or nodder, I was so stuck on me langwudge dat I said dose words de Duchess spoke, wot I was tellin' ye of, "Vat on,' an' 'lace moy,' an' 'finney say.'

"Say, wot t'ell do dem words mean, anyway?

"Holy gee! is dat so? 'Get out,' an' 'let me be,' an' 'stop.'

"Say, holy gee, I was a farmer, an' dat 's right.

"Well, when I saud dem four words, Miss Fannie she bit her lips, an' twisted her mouth like she 'd die if she did n't laugh. But de Duchess, she gives me one look like she 'd like to do me, an' chases 'erself outter de hall. An' me stuck on 'er, too!

"Say, womin is queer folks, anyhow; an' when

Chimmie Meets the Duchess

yer stuck on yerself de most dat 's when dey trows
yer down der hardest. See?

“Say, fallin’ in love has taut dis mug one ting,
dead. I don’t go monkeyin’ wid no forn langwudge
no more. Sure, straight English is ’bout me size.
See?”

CHIMMIE ENTERS POLITE SOCIETY

BY E. W. TOWNSEND

“**S**AY, if I did n’t come near gittin’ de gran’ bounce, de straight trun out, me name’s not Chimmie Fadden. Dat’s right. Sure, en say, ’is Whiskers was crazy!

“Listen. De old mug calls me ‘a unregenerate heathen!’ Did ye ever hear such langwudge? I’m gettin’ on to dem big words, sure. ‘Un-re-gener-ate.’ Say, dat’s not bad fer a mug like me. How’d it happen? Easy. Trouble allus comes dead easy ter me. See? I’d a been trun out bod’ly ’cept fer der loidy, Miss Fannic. Yes, we calls ’er Miss Fannie. All de hands calls ’er Miss Fannie, sure.

“It was dis way. Dey gives a party up dere de odder night. Say, dey’s allus given parties dere. See? Well, de mug dey calls de butler — de one I had de scrap wid — ’e says ter me, says ’e, ’e says,

Chimmie Enters Polite Society

‘Chames,’ says ‘e, ‘Chames, you ’ll help de kitchen servants to-night,’ ‘e says.

“ ‘T’ ’ell I will,’ says I. See? I says, ‘T’ ’ell I will.’

“But Miss Fannie, she makes a sneak to ter barn, where I was teachin’ de coachman’s kid how ter pat fer a jig, an’ she says, says she.

“ ‘Chimmie,’ she says, ‘Chimmie, you ’ll do what de butler tells ye, or I ’ll break yer face,’ she says, Miss Fannie does. See?

“Naw, not dem words, but dat ’s wot dey means. Say, a felley can’t allus be ’memberin’ just de words dose folks use. But dat ’s wot dey means.

“ ‘Dat goes, Miss Fannie,’ I says. ‘Dat goes,’ says I, fer what she says goes if I have ter lick de biggest mug on eart’ to make it go. See?

“Well, as I was tellin’ ye, dey gives de party, an’ I helps in de kitchen. Say, it ’ud killed ye dead ter seed me. Apron? Sure! an apron wid strings on it, an’ it comes down ter me feet. Dat ’s right. I knowed ’t would kill ye.

“Well, as I was tellin’ ye, I helps in de kitchen wid de heavy stuff, an’ I never tuk so much jawin’ in

By E. W. Townsend

me life. Say, I'd a slugged de whole gang of dose farmers if it had n't been fer makin' a racket wot ud queered Miss Fannie; she bein' me backer, kinder. Well, bime-by all de mugs begins feedin' in a big room where dey's a little room offen it dey calls de pantry. I sneaks in dere once ter look at de mugs, like all de kitchen hands was sneakin' in, an' dere was a lot of bots in de pantry, an' I just natur'l'y swipes one under me dinkey apron. See? Dat's right, ain't it?

“When I gets a chanst I trun it out'n de windy, aimin' fer de grass; but, holy gee! it hits some mug plunk on 'is nut. Say, I was near crazy. I snook out dere, and dere was de coachman's kid chokin' 'isself tryin' not to howl, wid 'is 'ead in 'is paws, where de bot had hit 'im right over 'is ear. Dat's right. Sure.

“‘Oh, it's youse, Chimmie Fadden,' 'e says, says 'e. ‘It's youse, an' yer stealin' champagne,' 'e says, holdin' up de bot I'd swiped.

“‘I'm stealin' nottin', yer jay,' I says, an' I gives 'im a jolt in de jaw, see? I knowed 'e could n't howl, an' I was dyin' fer a scrap, but dere was no fight in

Chimmie Enters Polite Society

'im, see? 'E only says, says 'e, 'give me haif de bot,' 'e says, 'an' I'll not tell on ye.'

“‘Dat goes,’ I says, and we sneaked der bot ter de barn, where 'e opens it. Say, did ye ever drink dat stuff, champagne? Holy gee, it's rank! It's like beer wid sugar an' winigar inter it. Sure. Dat's right; I only took one glass, an' dat's all de champagne Chimmie Fadden wants. I've heerd 'em jaw 'bout Bowery whiskey, but it's milk 'longside dat stuff. Say, it's no good.

“‘Well, I sneaked back ter der kitchen an' left der kid wid de bot. See? Say, if de kid did n't collar de whole bot, I'm a chump. Sure. De whole bot, I'm tellin' ye. Dat's right.

“‘Well, after de party de coachman finds 'is kid paralyzed on de barn floor. Paralyzed, see? All de old mug could get out'n de young mug was a song an' dance 'bout me. Say, everyt'ing dat goes wrong 'bout dat barn, it's all put on me. Sure.

“‘Well, de coachman grabs me an' takes me to 'is Whiskers, who was talkin' to Miss Fannie 'bout de party, an' 'e says, says 'e:

“‘Dis villian has murdered me son,' 'e says.

By E. W. Townsend

“Say, you’d a died if you’d seen de picnic. ’Is Whiskers was all broke up, an’ talks crazy ’bout murder comin’ ter ’is house tru ’is daughter tryin’ ter reform der slums.

“ ‘Murder nothin,’ I says. ‘Wot t’ ’ell,’ I says, like dat. I says, ‘Wot t’ ’ell. De kid’s nut is cracked, an’ ’e’s punished de bot,’ I says. ‘Wot t’ ’ell! ’E’ll be all right in de mornin’.

“Say, ’is Whiskers could n’t understan’ me, so de whole gang of us, ’is Whiskers, Miss Fannie, coachy, an’ me, goes ter de barn. Well, you’d died if you’d seen de kid. He’d kinder taken a brace, an’ was tryin’ ter do a dance I’d teached ’im. He had de bot in ’is arms, an’ was singin’ a dinky song ’bout razzle-dazzle. ’Is face was all blood from where ’is nut was cracked by de bot; an’ holy gee, ’e was a bute!

“Say, I could see ’is Whiskers wanted ter laugh, an’ Miss Fannie wanted ter cry, an’ coachy was struck dead dumb; so, nobody sayin’ nottin’, I just taut I’d be social like, an’ so I just chipped in wid, ‘Oh, wot a diffrence in de mornin’!’ Den ’is Whiskers says, says ’e: ‘Chimmie Fadden,’ ’e says, ‘yuse is a unregenerate heathen, an’ you’ll have to go.’

Chimmie Enters Polite Society

“Say, wot de ye tink Miss Fannie done? She says, ‘No, fadder,’ says she; ‘no, I tink Chimmie is not de only sinner here. Give ’im anodder chanst,’ she says, an’ she pulled de old rug’s whiskers, like de loidy in de play. Dat’s right. Dat’s wot she done. Ain’t she a torrowbred?

“Well, ’is Whiskers says somet’ing ’bout its bein’ better for ’im to bring de slums ter Miss Fannie radder den Miss Fannie goin’ ter der slums. Den ’e tells ’er to go in de house, an’ says ’e’ll tend ter me. Say, mebbey yer tink ’e did n’t. Well, ’e took me in de harness-room an’ ’e just everlastin’ lambasted de hide off’n me. Sure. Say, ’is Whiskers is a reg’lar scrapper. See? Say, ’e t’umped me good, an’ dat’s right. ’E says, says ’e:

“ ‘Miss Fannie ’ll look after yer soul an’ I ’ll look after yer hide,’ ’e says.

“Say, I ’m kinder gettin’ stuck on ’is Whiskers.

“Well, so long. I ’ve got ter get busy. I ’m takin’ a note from Miss Fannie ter ’er fadder. I ’m stuck on dat job. When I goes ter ’is office ’e gives me twenty-five cents ter ride home. I walks, an’ I wins de boodle. See?”



JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE GENIAL IDIOT

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

CONCERNING THE FOUR HUNDRED

“GOOD MORNING, Mr. Idiot,” said the Landlady, cheerfully, for every one had paid his bill the night before, and all the world looked rosy to her. “I hope I find you well this bright, sunny morning.”

“Passably so, Madame,” returned the Idiot. “A trifle depressed, but otherwise ship-shape. I have no appetite, but—well, Mary, you may bring me a little of everything, as usual, nevertheless. I do not believe in permitting the whim of an appetite to keep one from getting all that he is entitled to.”

“What is the cause of your depression?” asked the Doctor.

“Never you mind,” said the Idiot, calmly. “If I told you, you’d probably tell me how to get rid of it, and then I’d owe you money.”

The Genial Idiot

"I'll put you on the free list this morning," laughed the Doctor.

"And promise not even to give me advice? I might take it and have a relapse, you know," said the Idiot.

"I promise, on my honor," returned the Doctor.

"I guess it's too much late supper," put in the Bibliomaniac.

"Mince pie and lobster, most likely," suggested Mr. Brief.

"You gentlemen might get up a pool on the question," said the Idiot. "Five dollars to get in, and the one who guesses right takes the pot. If none of you guess right, I take it, eh?"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Brief, "I have n't any use for these get-rich-quick schemes, and what is more, I don't care a rap what is the matter with you. You can have a permanent case of the Nega-losaurian measles complicated with Faradiddle of the Polyglot for all I care."

"That being the case," observed the Idiot, "and in response to your kind inquiry, I will tell you why the fabric of my disposition is dyed blue. I see by

By John Kendrick Bangs

the papers that Newport is about to be abandoned by the 400 as a place of residence."

"Pah!" ejaculated the Bibliomaniac. "Why vex your soul with that? What difference does it make to you or anybody else where the 400 spend the summer?"

"Hear him!" cried the Idiot. "Did you ever hear such disloyalty! There's *lèse-majesté* for you. Here's a man dares say openly that he does n't care where the 400 spend the summer. It's a good thing for you, Mr. Bib, that you don't live in Germany, else you'd be jugged before night for uttering a sentiment so essentially seditious."

"Well, I don't!" persisted the Bibliomaniac. "I don't approve of the 400."

"Sh! Do hush—somebody might hear you, and then where would you be?" cried the Idiot, in a tragic whisper. "Suppose Mary, for instance, should overhear what you say, and tell the cook, and the cook should communicate it to the kitchen-maid of the Van Rensselaer Squares, through whom it would reach the ears of the Square's butler, who would tell Stuyvesant Square's valet, who would be

The Genial Idiot

in duty bound to tell Stuyvy himself, that Mr. Bibliomaniac does not approve of the 400, and thus—why we 'd have the police down upon us in one hour."

"I still do not approve of them," retorted the Bibliomaniac. "They constitute the most useless society the world has ever known. They have no *raison d'être*. They have no cultivation. Their influence on art and letters is absolutely *nil*. They are zeros in science and in education. Even in the days of the Roman Empire, or in France prior to the Revolution, society had some influence upon life, but these people—oh, well, what's the use? There's no achievement in 'em, and they can spend the summer in Hades for all I care about it."

"There's plenty of summer to be spent in Hades," agreed the Idiot; "that is, there is if the reports we get of the prevailing temperature there are correct, and when you've spent all you have there's a lot more ready made, within reach of the humblest citizen. They have summer to burn in Hades, but as for me, I shall be sorry when the 400 abandon Newport for the slightly shadier resort. It is all nonsense to say there's no achievement in 'em. It is not the

By John Kendrick Bangs

fact that our modern society is useless. They have a distinct influence upon life, and while I can't speak as to the relative merits of the 400 and society during the French Revolution or the Roman Empire—I was n't in the swim at either period—the 400 are good enough for me, educationally, in art, in letters, science, or any other way, and when they begin to show signs of dissolution—”

“Why did n't you say decadence, and be done with it?” demanded the Bibliomaniac.

“Because I don't mean decadence,” said the Idiot. “I mean dissolution. When they begin to show signs of breaking up, I feel very unhappy about it. Up to this time we have known where to look for them in their efflorescence. That place was Newport. It was as if you owned a fine herd of cattle, and knew just where to put *your* hands on 'em when you wanted to. Now, if these rumors are correct, the aggregation is to move on, to turn up elsewhere no doubt, but no longer as an aggregation. For all we know some of 'em may turn up in Jersey City, others at Schoharie, others at Attleboro—any old place, but hopelessly scattered, and I fear that

The Genial Idiot

once scattered they will lose that cohesive power of public entertainment that has hitherto made them a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The things they do and the things they say, done sporadically, will cease to be diverting, whereas achieved by the mass they were most impressive. Moreover, I doubt if a widely diffused society could produce such a social Napoleon as Mr. Tommy Wristlets, the inventor of the Monkey dinner. One, two, or three heads put together could never have conceived such a one as he. It required four hundred to produce the man we have—and by the way, if Tommy Wristlets is not an achievement, Mr. Bib, I'd like to know what is. Rome, with all her glory, never dreamed of Tommy Wristlets; Greece, in her palmiest hour, had nothing like him. You can search from one end of the Parthenon frieze to the other, whereon is depicted the perfect flavor of Grecian society, and no Tommy Wristlets raises his head from the line to defy his modern prototype. Tommy is a creation of our own time, with his bangles, and his monkeys, and his mordant wit—and yet you say the 400 have achieved nothing."

By John Kendrick Bangs

“Oh, well, if you consider him an achievement—” began the Bibliomaniac.

“He is more,” cried the Idiot. “He is a veritable triumph. Philosophers in all ages have claimed that there was nothing new under the sun; it has been proclaimed from the housetops and from the cellars, and yet in face of the dictum of the sum total of human experience, the 400 get their heads together, and lo, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter, there steps forth Tommy Wristlets, the like of whom the Garden of Eden, the Ark, the Sun, Moon, and Stars alike contained none. So much for the achievement of the 400. With this one exhibit constantly before our eyes in the Sunday newspapers you cannot longer put the 400 down among the non-producers.”

“Let’s grant your proposition—I’ll admit they’ve produced Tommy Wristlets, and let ’em have all the glory that is coming to them on that account. I’ll grant, that by buying pictures they have an influence upon art, also,” continued the Bibliomaniac. “Their cottages and town-houses are doubtless lined with oil-paintings in layers, though as for producing

The Genial Idiot

painters, I've yet to hear of a member of the 400 who was a successful painter."

"Guess you don't read the papers," said the Idiot. "Some of the greatest painters of the age are in the 400. There's Reggie Goldrox, and Jack Stocksandbonds, and Billie Murrayhill, and Eddie Boodleton, and Harry Motorcar, and—"

"In heaven's name," cried the Bibliomaniac, "what do those frivolous young men paint?"

"Towns," said the Idiot, solemnly. "Has Meissonnier painted detached portions of Paris? Reggie Goldrox has painted every square foot of it. Has Millais or Burne-Jones painted portions of London? Show me an inch of that precious hamlet that has escaped the brush of Jack Stocksandbonds. So have they all painted New York, Boston, Washington, and Pittsburg, and there has been no stint in color, either. They have laid it on thick, and at the present day constitute a school of their own."

"They're not much in water-colors," sneered the Bibliomaniac.

"No, but their drawing is beyond cavil," said the Idiot.

By John Kendrick Bangs

"You have me there," said the Bibliomaniac, shaking his head perplexedly. "What do they draw, checks?"

"No," said the Idiot, "corks."

"I suppose you can argue with equal force as to the influence of the 400 on education," put in Mr. Brief, since the Bibliomaniac had taken refuge from the fray in coffee and silence.

"Certainly, educationally they are a power," replied the Idiot. "It is a liberal education in manners just to watch 'em. Just because you know Latin and Greek and mathematics, and can box the compass, does n't make of you the only educated person in the world. You might pass a perfect examination in Ancient History and flunk like an ignoramus on Don't. I'll wager you now you don't know whether you should wear a mauve silk four-in-hand or a yellow sailor's knot at a five o'clock tea. If you were invited to attend a morning musicale at Mrs. Von Boodle's to-morrow you would n't know whether to wear a pink shirt and a blue tie with a frock coat, or to go more simply clad in a green cutaway, lavender trousers, and tan-colored shoes; and as

The Genial Idiot

for shaking hands, I'll bet you can't tell me off-hand how it's done in polite society to-day, yet one of the slightest of these Willieboys, that you profess to despise so deeply, does all these things correctly, and what is more, by instinct."

"I would n't dress the way they do for a farm," said the Bibliomaniac.

"They would n't either," said the Idiot. "For a farm they'd dress in a farm costume, for it is a part of their sartorial creed to be always correctly dressed. But you see, Mr. Brief, while you undoubtedly know a great many things that the 400 don't know, they, on the other hand, know a great many things that you don't; and what is more, their little minds are constantly as busy as bees getting up new things which shall be *de rigueur*. They are constantly adding to the sum of human knowledge along lines of etiquette. Are you doing as much in your profession?"

Mr. Brief had to confess that he was n't, when the Poet joined in.

"They don't do much for letters," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," said the Idiot. "They let a few favored authors into their circle, and you

By John Kendrick Bangs

know as well as I do that the Horse Show is never considered a success without Thomas Partington Sniffen, the author of 'Impressions of the Erie Canal' and 'Lost in Gowanus Bay,' in one of the boxes. Two years ago, when Sniffen was in South Africa as a war correspondent, they even talked of postponing it until he returned."

"That may be," said the Poet; "but they don't inspire anything in literature, do they?"

"That's not their fault," said the Idiot. "It's the fault of the literary fellows. If a time was ever ripe for a Thackeray, and a subject ready to the pen of such a man, this is the time and the 400 the subject."

"I should think it would be enough to drive you into literature," sneered the Bibliomaniac. "Why don't you try to write them up yourself?"

"Gratitude withholds my hand," said the Idiot.

"Gratitude?" cried Mr. Brief. "Gratitude for what?"

"Many a good hearty laugh," said the Idiot. "If you look at 'em the right way, and have any sense of humor, you'll see that there's nothing fun-

The Genial Idiot

nier in the world than that same 400; and as for me, I'd no sooner satirize them than as a boy I would have shot the clown in the circus with my bean-shooter."

"You are easily amused," said Mr. Brief.

"I am," observed the Idiot. "That's why I always come up smiling."

"Wonder to me you don't join the 400, you're so fond of 'em," said the Bibliomaniac with an acid smile. "Intellectually you are about on a level."

"That's true enough," said the Idiot. "But there's one or two things that prevent me."

"And what are they, pray?" demanded Mr. Brief.

"Well, in the first place it costs seven or eight dollars a week to keep up one's end in that set, and I have n't more than three; and the second is, that my mind is not strong enough to grasp the refinements of pink shirts, blue ties, and frock coats."

"You speak as if there was a vacancy in the 400 just waiting for you," said Mr. Brief.

"Oh, there are vacancies enough; I've got a record of 'em," began the Idiot.

"How many?" asked the Bibliomaniac.

By John Kendrick Bangs

“Three hundred and ninety-nine,” said the Idiot.

“In fact, they are all vacancies but one.”

“Which one is that?” asked the Poet.

“Bobbie Van Highball; he’s full all the time,”
said the Idiot, and there the discussion closed.

"CHECKER'S" LETTER

BY HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR.

"DEAR MR. PRESTON:

"I'm here doing a stage-coach business — straining the leaders of my legs, hustlin'. If trade keeps up I'll have coin to melt when I get home, and you bet I'll melt it. The food out here would poison a dog. I ain't got the health to go against it. I've been sick ever since I left Chicago anyhow, on account of Murray Jameson. I met him at the depot the night I left. He had a box of cigars he said a friend of his brought him from Mexico. He gave me a handful. I got on the train, and got busy with one — I like to croaked. Strong! ! ! Oh, no — it was n't strong! Drop one of them in a can of dynamite and it's ten to one it would 'do' the can. Start a 'Mexican' and a piece of Limburger in a short dash, it's a hundred to one you'd need a searchlight to find the Limburger. I've switched to cigarettes.

"I got in here at six to-night, and I'm going to

"Checker's" Letter

get away at one. After supper (Supper! I'll tell you about that later!) I went over to the only shanty in the place that looked like a store and opened the door. There were a lot of 'Jaspers' sitting around the stove, chewing tobacco and swapping lies. I asked the guy that got up when I came in where he kept his stock (he had nothing in sight). He lighted a lantern, walked me a quarter of a mile, and showed me four 'mooley cows' — say, I was sore. But I'm square with him — I gave him a couple of 'Mexicans.'

"That supper! Well, say, it was a 'peach.' (I had an egg this morning and it was a 'bird.')

I sat down to the table with a St. Louis shoe-man. We turned the things down one by one as they came in. A few soda crackers on the table saved our lives. We tried the griddle-cakes. They were pieces of scorched, greasy dough, as big as pie-plates. There were a couple of 'Rubes' at the other end of the table; a short, little, fat one, and a long, lean, thin one. We shoved the cakes on down their way. They ate their own and ours, and ordered more. I bet the shoe-man five on the fat one. We ordered

By Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

more ourselves and pushed them along. The thin man finally began to weaken, but the fat one got stronger every minute. My friend said I was 'pullin',' and wanted to draw the bet; but I made him 'give up.'

"Just as we were going, the waitress came up with a grouch on, stuck out her chin, and says 'Pie?'

"'Is it compulsory?' says the shoe-man.

"'Naw; it's mince.'

"'Well, that lets us out,' he says, and we skipped."

Later —

"I got interrupted here. The boys wanted me to play 'high-five' until train-time; I picked up a little 'perfumery money,' and came up here to Kansas City to spend Saturday night and Sunday.

"There's a lot of 'rummies' I used to know hanging around here 'broke.' They've all 'got their hand out.' One of them made me a talk last night for enough to get to St. Louis on — said he 'must get there.'

"'Well,' I says, 'try the trucks; how are you on swinging under?'

"Checker's" Letter

"‘Yes,’ he says, ‘you’re in luck, and makin’ a swell front, with your noisy duds and plenty of money, but it’s a wonder you would n’t ‘let your blood gush’ a little when you see an old friend of yours in trouble.’

"‘That was a new one on me, and I ‘loosened.’ Well, perhaps he’ll do me a good turn some time.

"‘Now, I must close. I see dinner’s ready. There’s a big, fat guy has been beating me out in a race for a seat I want in the dining-room. ‘I’ll put it over him a neck’ to-day for the chair. The cross-eyed fairy that waits on that table can dig up cream while the rest of the waitresses are looking around to see if there’s any skimmed milk in the joint.

"‘Yours till death — and as long after as they need me at the morgue.

“EDWARD CAMPBELL”



GEORGE ADE

THE FABLE OF THE TWO MANDOLIN PLAYERS AND THE WILLING PERFORMER

BY GEORGE ADE

A VERY attractive Débutante knew two Young Men who called on her every Thursday evening, and brought their Mandolins along.

They were Conventional Young Men of the Kind that you see wearing Spring Overcoats in the Clothing Advertisements. One was named Fred, and the other was Eustace.

The Mothers of the Neighborhood often remarked, "What Perfect Manners Fred and Eustace have!" Merely as an aside, it may be added that Fred and Eustace were more Popular with the Mothers than they were with the Younger Set, although no one could say a Word against either of them. Only it was rumored in Keen Society that they didn't Belong. The Fact that they went Calling in a Crowd, and took their Mandolins along, may give

The Fable of the Two Mandolin Players

the Acute Reader some Idea of the Life that Fred and Eustace held out to the Young Women of their Acquaintance.

The Débutante's name was Myrtle. Her Parents were very Watchful, and did not encourage her to receive Callers, except such as were known to be Exemplary Young Men. Fred and Eustace were a few of those who escaped the Black List. Myrtle always appeared to be glad to see them, and they regarded her as a Darned Swell Girl.

Fred's Cousin came from St. Paul on a Visit; and one Day, in the Street, he saw Myrtle, and noticed that Fred tipped his Hat, and gave her a Stage Smile.

"Oh, Queen of Sheba!" exclaimed the Cousin from St. Paul, whose name was Gus, as he stood stock still, and watched Myrtle's Reversible Plaid disappear around a Corner. "She's a Bird. Do you know her well?"

"I know her Quite Well," replied Fred, coldly. "She is a Charming Girl."

"She is all of that. You are a great Describer. And now what Night are you going to take me around to call on her?"

By George Ade

Fred very naturally Hemmed and Hawed. It must be remembered that Myrtle was a member of an Excellent Family, and had been schooled in the Proprieties, and it was not to be supposed that she would crave the Society of slangy old Gus, who had an abounding Nerve, and furthermore was as Fresh as the Mountain Air.

He was the Kind of Fellow who would see a Girl twice, and then, upon meeting her the Third Time, he would go up and straighten her Cravat for her, and call her by her First Name.

Put him into a Strange Company — en route to a Picnic — and by the time the Baskets were unpacked he would have a Blonde all to himself, and she would have traded her Fan for his College Pin.

If a Fair-Looker on the Street happened to glance at him Hard he would run up and seize her by the Hand, and convince her that they had Met. And he always Got Away with it, too.

In a Department Store, while waiting for the Cash Boy to come back with the Change, he would find out the Girl's Name, her Favorite Flower, and where a Letter would reach her.

The Fable of the Two Mandolin Players

Upon entering a Parlor Car at St. Paul he would select a Chair next to the Most Promising One in Sight, and ask her if she cared to have the Shade lowered.

Before the Train cleared the Yards he would have the Porter bringing a Footstool for the Lady.

At Hastings he would be asking her if she wanted Something to Read.

At Red Wing he would be telling her that she resembled Maxime Elliott, and showing her his Watch, left to him by his Grandfather, a Prominent Virginian.

At La Crosse he would be reading the Menu Card to her, and telling her how different it is when you have Some One to join you in a Bite.

At Milwaukee he would go out and buy a Bouquet for her, and when they rode into Chicago they would be looking out of the same Window, and he would be arranging for her Baggage with the Transfer Man. After that they would be Old Friends.

Now, Fred and Eustace had been at School with Gus, and they had seen his Work, and they were not disposed to Introduce him into One of the most Exclusive Homes of the City.

By George Ade

They had known Myrtle for many Years; but they did not dare to Address her by her First Name, and they were positive that if Gus attempted any of his usual Tactics with her she would be Offended; and naturally enough, they would be Blamed for bringing him to the House.

But Gus insisted. He said he had seen Myrtle, and she Suited him from the Ground up, and he proposed to have Friendly Doings with her. At last they told him they would take him if he promised to Behave. Fred warned him that Myrtle would frown down any Attempt to be Familiar on Short Acquaintance, and Eustace said that as long as he had known Myrtle he had never Presumed to be Free and Forward with her. He had simply played the Mandolin. That was as Far Along as he had ever got.

Gus told them not to Worry about him. All he asked was a Start. He said he was a Willing Performer, but as yet he had never been Disqualified for Crowding. Fred and Eustace took this to mean that he would not Overplay his Attentions, so they escorted him to the House.

The Fable of the Two Mandolin Players

As soon as he had been Presented, Gus showed her where to sit on the Sofa, then he placed himself about Six Inches away, and began to Buzz, looking her straight in the eye. He said that when he first saw her he Mistook her for Miss Prentice, who was said to be the Most Beautiful Girl in St. Paul, only, when he came closer, he saw that it could n't be Miss Prentice, because Miss Prentice did n't have such Lovely Hair. Then he asked her the Month of her Birth and told her Fortune, thereby coming nearer to Holding her Hand within Eight Minutes than Eustace had come in a Lifetime.

“Play something, Boys,” he Ordered, just as if he had paid them Money to come along and make Music for them.

They unlimbered their Mandolins and began to play a Sousa March. He asked Myrtle if she had seen the New Moon. She replied that she had not, so they went Outside.

When Fred and Eustace had finished the first Piece, Gus appeared at the open Window, and asked them to play “The Georgia Camp-Meeting,” which had always been one of his Favorites.

By George Ade

So they played that, and when they had Concluded there came a Voice from the Outer Darkness, and it was the Voice of Myrtle. She said: "I'll tell you what to Play; play the Intermezzo."

Fred and Eustace exchanged Glances. They began to Perceive that they had been backed into a Siding. With a few Potted Palms in front of them, and two Cards from the Union, they would have been just the same as a Hired Orchestra.

But they played the Intermezzo and felt Peevish. Then they went to the Window and looked out. Gus and Myrtle were sitting in the Hammock, which had quite a Pitch towards the Center. Gus had braced himself by Holding to the back of the Hammock. He did not have his Arm around Myrtle, but he had it Extended in a Line parallel with her Back. What he had done would n't Justify a Girl in saying, "Sir!" but it started a Real Scandal with Fred and Eustace. They saw that the only Way to Get Even with her was to go Home without saying "Good Night." So they slipped out the Side Door, shivering with indignation.

After that, for several Weeks, Gus kept Myrtle so

The Fable of the Two Mandolin Players

Busy that she had no Time to think of considering other Candidates. He sent Books to her Mother, and allowed the Old Gentleman to take Chips away from him at Poker.

They were Married in the Autumn, and Father-in-law took Gus into the Firm, saying that he had needed a Pusher for a Long Time.

At the Wedding, the two Mandolin Players were permitted to act as Ushers.

MORAL: *To get a fair Trial of Speed, use a Pace-Maker.*

CLAUDIE

BY GEORGE ADE

“**W**HERE ’s he at?” asked the overgrown messenger boy, who had clumped slowly along the hallway, and who now entered the room, leaving the door open behind him.

“Ain’t he good?” asked Artie, turning to Miller, who was gazing at the messenger with a look of pained surprise in his eyes.

“Where ’s he at?” repeated the messenger boy.

He seemed rather large and old to be in the uniform, for there was a scrabble of soft beard on his chin. His face and hands appeared to have been treated with fine coal-dust, his cap leaned forward on one side of his head, and whenever he spoke he had to make new disposition of a large amount of chewing tobacco which he carried in his mouth.

When he asked, “Where ’s he at?” he pronounced it “where ’ce,” and in all his subsequent talk he gave the “s” a soft and hissing sound well

prolonged, to the evident enjoyment of Artie and the mild wonderment of Miller.

“Where’s who at?” demanded Artie, adopting a frown and a harsh manner.

“W’y, t’e four-eyed nobs dat sent me out on t’e Sout’ Side.”

“Are you the same little boy? Would n’t that frost you, though, Miller? This is little Bright-eyes that took the note for Hall.”

“Aw, what’s eatin’ you?” asked the boy, giving a warlike curl to the corner of his mouth.

“Oh, ow! Listen to that. I’ll bet you’re the toughest boy that ever happened. What you been doin’ all day — playin’ marbles for keeps, or standin’ in front o’ one o’ them dime museums?”

“Aw, say; you t’ink you’re fly. Dat young feller sent me all t’e way to forty-t’ree ninety-t’ree Callamet Av’noo. I could n’t get back no sooner.”

“Who was it the note was to?”

“His rag, I guess.”

“Oh-h-h-h! His rag! What do you think o’ that, Miller? Ain’t this boy a bird? Can you beat him? Can you *tie* him? Boy, you’re all right.”

By George Ade

“So are you — dat is, from y’r head up.”

“An’ the feet down, huh? You’re one o’ them ‘Hully chee, Chonny,’ boys, ain’t you? You’re so tough they could n’t dent you with an axe.”

“Is dat so-o-o-o?” asked the boy, with a frightful escape of “s,” and a glare such as he must have used to terrify all the smaller boys at the call station.

“If I was as tough as you are I’d be afraid o’ myself, on the level.”

“You t’ink you’re havin’ sport wit’ me, don’t you? I seen a lot o’ dem funny mugs before dis.”

“W’y, Claudie, I would n’t try to josh you. I think you’re a nice, clean boy. Ain’t you goin’ to take off your gloves?”

Miller leaned back in his chair and howled with laughter.

“I beg y’r pardon, Claudie,” continued Artie. “I thought them was gloves you had on. Gee, is them your mits? You’re a brunette, ain’t you?”

The messenger boy had been somewhat taken back by the allusion to his “gloves,” but he recovered and said, still gazing at Artie: “S-s-ay, you’re havin’ all

Claudie

kinds o' fun wit' me, ain't you? Well, w'at you — anyt'ing you say cuts no ice wit' me."

"You 'd better smoke up, or you 'll go out," suggested Artie. "You was a little slow on the come-back that last time. Get on to him, Miller; he 's lookin' a hole in me."

"He has a bad eye," said Miller.

"Yes; and as the guy says on the stage, I don't like his other one very well, neither. I 'll bet he 'd be a nasty boy in a fight. I 'd hate to run against him late at night. Them messenger boys is bad people. Guess what they train on."

"I don't know," said Miller.

"Cocoanut pie. That ain't no fairy tale, neither. Cocoanut pie and milk; that 's what they live on. I 'll bet Claudie here with the face has got about three cocoanut pies wadded into him now. How about it, Claudie?"

"Say," began the messenger boy, nodding his head slowly to emphasize his remarks, "I 'd give a t'ousand dollars if I had your gall."

"That 'll be all right. Keep the change. By the way, old chap, are you lookin' for any one?"

By George Ade

This was another surprise for the boy.

"Yes-s-s; I'm lookin' for some one," he replied.

"Who it is is it?"

"W'y, t'e fellow dat wears de windows in his face. I got a note here for him," and he pulled it out of his pocket.

"Looks like you've been chewin' it. That's his desk over there. He got dead tired o' waitin' for you, and went out to tell the police you was lost. I think they're draggin' the lake for you now."

"Aw, go ahead; dat's right. Dere's lots o' you blokies t'ink you can have fun wit' us kids."

"Get next to the walk, Miller; get on, get on!" exclaimed Artie, as the messenger boy moved over toward Hall's desk. On the way he stopped for a moment and spat copiously into a waste-basket.

"He walks like he had gravel in his shoes, don't he?" said Artie. "Look at the way he holds them shoulders. Ain't he tough, though?"

"Some day you'll get too gay, an' a guy'll give you a funny poke," remarked the messenger boy, as he slowly settled into young Mr. Hall's chair, and

Claudie

again directed what was supposed to be a terrorizing stare at Artie.

“What did I tell you, Miller? Claudie’s a scrapper. He’d just as soon give a guy a ‘tump in de teet’ as look at him.”

The boy gave a sniff of contempt, and began an examination of the papers on Mr. Hall’s desk, picking up some of the letters and studying them, his lips going through the motions of reading. Artie sat, with face illumined, and watched the boy. He was evidently fascinated by the display of supreme impudence.

“Ain’t there nothin’ we can do for you?” he asked. “Miller’s got some private letters you can read when you get through over there.”

“Aw, go chase yourself,” replied the boy.

“Well, Claudie, I’ve seen a good many o’ you boys, but you’re the best ever,” remarked Artie. “If Hall’s tryin’ to win out any South Side lady friend I don’t see as he could do better than send you out with the note. I think you’ll be liked wherever you go. Gee! you’ve got that icehouse stare o’ yours down pat. If you keep on springin’ that you’ll scare somebody one o’ these days.”

By George Ade

"Aw, let go," said the boy in evident disgust. "When do I get to see t'e fellow dat sets here? Won't one o' youse pay me?"

"Miller, pay the boy and let him go. He ain't had any cocoanut pie for nearly an hour now, have you, Willie — er — Claudie, I mean. What is your name, Claudie?"

"What's it to you?"

"Nothin' much; only I wanted to know. You've kind o' won me out. Here! Don't move! I'll bring the waste-basket over to you."

At that moment young Mr. Hall came in and said: "Ah, boy, have you that note for me?"

"S-s-s-ure. Where you been at? You're helva duck to keep a kid waitin' here. You've got 'o pay me ten cents more."

"Don't be saucy," said young Mr. Hall, severely.

"Aw, rats!"

"You ain't mad, are you, Claudie?" asked Artie, as the boy laboriously moved toward the door, making noises with his feet.

"Oh-h-h, but you t'ink you're a kidder," replied the boy, with a sour smile.

Claudie

“Look out! You ’ll step on one o’ your feet there in a minute.”

Then they heard him go clump-clump-clump out through the hall and away.

“Confound such a boy!” exclaimed young Mr. Hall.

“Oh, he ’s all right,” said Artie, “only you ain’t used to his ways.”

“He ’s tough enough,” suggested Miller.

“Yes,” said Artie, “I would n’t be as tough as he thinks he is — not for a million dollars.”

MR. DOOLEY ON THE FRENCH CHARACTER

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

“**T**H’ Fr-rinch,” said Mr. Dooley, “‘ar-re a tumulchuse people.”

“Like as not,” said Mr. Hennessy, “there’s some of our blood in thim. A good manny iv our people wint over wanst. They cudden’t all ’ve been kilt at Fontenoy.”

“No,” said Mr. Dooley, “’t is another kind iv tumulchuse. Whin an Irishman rages, ’t is with wan idee in his moind. He ’s goin’ for’ard again a single inimy, an’ not stone walls or irne chains ’ll stop him. He may pause f’r a drink, or to take a shy at a polisman—f’r a polisman ’s always in th’ way—but he ’s as thrue as th’ needle in the camel’s eye, as Hogan says, to th’ objec’ iv his hathred. So he ’s been f’r four hindherd years, an’ so he ’ll always be while they ’se an England on th’ map. When England purishes, th’ Irish ’ll die iv what Hogan calls ongwee,

Mr. Dooley on the French Character

which is havin' no wan in th' weary wurruld ye don't love.

“But wuth th' Fr-rinch 't is diff'rent. I say 't is diff'rent with th' Fr-rinch. They 're an onnaisy an' a thrubbled people. They start out down th' street, loaded up with obscenthe an' ciganeets, pavin' blocks an' walkin' shticks an' shtove-lids in their hands, cryin' ‘A base Cap Dhry-fuss!’ th' Cap bein' far off in a cage, by dad. So far, so good. ‘A base Cap Dhry-fuss!’ says I; an' the same to all thraitors, an' manny iv thim, whether they ar-re or not.’ But along comes a man with a poor hat. ‘Where did he get th' hat?’ demands th' mob. Down with th' bad tile!’ they say. ‘A base th' lid!’ An' they desthroy th' hat, an' th' man undher it succumbs to th' rule iv th' majority an' jines th' mob. On they go till they come to a restaurant. ‘Ha,’ says they, ‘th' resort iv the infamious Duclose.’ ‘His char-riges ar-re high,’ says wan. ‘I found a fish-bone in his soup,’ says another. ‘He 's a thraitor,’ says a third. ‘A base th' soup kitchen! A base th' caafe!’ says they; an' they seize th' unfortunate Duclose, an' bate him an' upset his kettles iv broth. Manetime

By Finley Peter Dunne

where 's Cap Dhry-fuss? Off in his comfortable cage, swingin' on th' perch an' atin' seed out iv a small bottle stuck in th' wire. Be th' time th' mob has desthroyed what they see on th' way they 've f'rgot the Cap intirely; an' he 's safe f'r another day.

“'T is unforch'nit, but 't is thrue. Th' Fr-rinch ar-re not steady ayether in their politics or their morals. That 's where they get done by th' hated British. Th' diff'rence in furrin' policies is the diff'rence between a second-rate safe-blower an' a first-class boonco steerer. Th' Fr-rinch buy a ton iv dinnymite, spind five years in dhrillin' a hole through a steel dure, blow open th' safe, lose a leg or an ar-rm, an' get away with th' li'bilities iv th' firm. Th' English dhress up f'r a Methodist preacher, stick a piece iv lead pipe in th' tails iv their coat in case iv emargency, an' get all th' money there is in th' line.

“In th' fr-ront dure comes th' Englishman with a coon king on ayether ar-rm that 's jus' loaned him their kingdoms on a prom'ssory note, an' discovers th' Fr-rinchman emargin' frim th' rooms iv th' safe. ‘What ar-re ye doin' here?’ says th' Englishman.

Mr. Dooley on the French Character

‘Robbin’ th’ naygurs,’ says th’ Fr-rinchman, bein’ thruthful as well as polite. ‘Wicked man,’ says the Englishman. ‘What ar-re ye doin’ here?’ says the Fr-rinchman. ‘Improvin’ tha morals iv th’ inhabitants,’ says the Englishman. ‘Is it not so, Rastus?’ he says. ‘It is,’ says wan iv th’ kings. ‘I’m a poorer but a betther man since ye came,’ he says. ‘Yes,’ says th’ Englishman, ‘I pro-pose f’r to thruly rayform this onhappy counthry,’ he says. ‘This benighted haythen on me exthreme left has been injooiced to cut out a good dale iv his wife’s busi-ness,’ he says, ‘an’ go through life torminted be on’y wan spouse,’ he says. ‘Th’ r-rest will go to wurruk f’r me,’ he says. ‘All crap games bein’ particylar ongodly ’ll be undher th’ conthrol iv th’ gover’mint, which,’ he says, ‘is me. Policy shops ’ll be r-run carefully, an’ I’ve appinted Rastus here Writer-in-Waitin’ to her Majesty,’ he says.

“‘Th’ r-rum they dhrink in these par-rts,’ he says, ‘is fearful,’ he says. ‘What shall we do to stop th’ ac-cursed thraffic?’ ‘Sell thim gin,’ says I. ‘’Tis shameful they shud go out with nawthin’ to hide their nakedness,’ he says. ‘I’ll fetch thim

By Finley Peter Dunne

clothes; but,' he says, 'as th' weather 's too warrum f'r clothes, I'll not sell thim annything that'll last long,' he says. 'If it was n't f'r relligion,' he says, 'I don't know what th' 'ell th' wurruld wud come to,' he says. 'Who's relligion?' says th' Fr-rinchman. 'My relligion,' says th' Englishman. 'These pore, benighted savidges,' he says, 'll not be left to yer odjious morals an' yer hootchy-kootchy school iv thought,' says he; 'but,' he says, 'undher th' binif'cint r-rule iv a wise an' thrue gover'mint,' he says, 'll be thruly prepared f'r hivin,' he says, 'whin thir time comes to go,' he says, 'which I thrust will not be long,' he says. 'So I'll thank ye to be off,' he says, 'or I'll take th' thick end iv th' slung-shot to ye,' he says."

MR. DOOLEY ON THE VICTORIAN ERA

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

“**A**R-RE ye goin’ to cillybrate th’ queen’s jubilee?” asked Mr. Dooley.

“What ’s that?” demanded Mr. Hennessy, with a violent start.

“To-day,” said Mr. Dooley, “her gracious Majesty Victoriya, Queen iv Great Britain an’ that part iv Ireland north iv Sligo, has reigned f’r sixty long and tiresome years.”

“I don’t care if she has snowed f’r sixty years,” said Mr. Hennessy. “I ’ll not cillybrate it. She may be a good woman f’r all I know, but dam her pollytics.”

“Ye need n’t be pro-fane about it,” said Mr. Dooley. “I only ast ye a civil question. F’r mesilf, I have no feelin’ on th’ subject. I am not with the queen, an’ I ’m not again her. At th’ same time I corjally agree with me frind Captain

Mr. Dooley on the Victorian Era

Finerty, who's put his newspaper in mournin' f'r th' ivint. I won't march in th' parade, an' I won't put anny dinnymite undher thim that does. I don't say th' marchers an' dinnymiters ar-re not both r-right. 'T is purely a question iv taste, an', as th' ixicutive says whin both candydates are mimbers iv th' camp, 'Pathrites will use their own discreetion.'

"Th' good woman niver done me no har-rm; an' beyond throwin' a rock or two into an orangey's procission an' subscribin' to tin dollars' worth iv Fenian bonds, I've threated her like a lady. Anny gredge I ever had again her I burrid long ago. We're both well on in years, an' 't is no use carrying har-rd feelin's to th' grave. About th' time th' lord chamberlain wint over to tell her she was queen, an' she came out in her nitey to hear th' good news, I was announced into this worruld iv sin an' sorrow. So ye see we've reigned about th' same lenth iv time, an' I ought to be cillybratin' me dimon' jubilee. I wud, too, if I had anny dimon's. Do ye r-run down to Aldherman O'Brien's an' borrow twinty or thirty f'r me.

"Great happenin's have me an' Queen Victorya

By Finley Peter Dunne

seen in these sixty years. Durin' our binificent pris-
ince on earth th' nations have grown r-rich an'
prosperous. Great Britain has ixtinded her domain
until th' sun niver sets on it. No more do th' original
owners iv th' sile, they bein' kept movin' be th'
polis. While she was lookin' on in England, I was
lookin' on in this counthry. I have seen America
spread out fr'm th' Atlantic to th' Pacific, with a
branch office iv the Standard Ile Comp'ny in ivry
hamlet. I've seen th' shackles dropped fr'm th'
slave, so's he cud be lynched in Ohio. I've seen
this gr-reat city desthroyed be fire fr'm De Koven
Sthreet to th' Lake View pumpin' station, and thin
rise, felix-like, fr'm its ashes—all but th' West Side,
which was not burned. I've seen Jim Mace beat
Mike McCool, an' Tom Allen beat Jim Mace, an'
somebody beat Tom Allen, an' Jawn Sullivan beat
him, an' Corbett beat Sullivan, an' Fitz beat Cor-
bett; an', if I live to cillybrate me goold-watch-an'-
chain jubilee, I may see sum wan put it all over Fitz.

“Oh, what things I've seen in me day an'
Victorya's! Think iv that gran' procission iv lithry
men—Tinnysen an' Longfellow an' Bill Nye an'

Mr. Dooley on the Victorian Era

Ella Wheeler Wilcox an' Tim Scanlan an'—an' I can't name thim all; they're too many. An' th' brave gin'ral—Von Molkey an' Bismarck an' U. S. Grant an' gallant Phil Sheridan an' Coxey. Think iv thim durin' me reign. An' th' invintions—th' steam-injine an' th' printin'-press an' th' cotton-gin an' the gin sour an' th' bicycle an' th' flyin'-machine an' th' nickel-in-th'-slot machine an' the Croker machine and th' sody fountain an'—crownin' wur-ruk iv our civilization—th' cash raygister. What gr-reat advances has science made in my time an' Victorya's, t'r, when we entered public life, it took three men to watch th' bar-keep, while to-day ye can tell within eight dollars an hour what he's took in.

“Glory be, whin I look back fr-rm this day iv gm'ral rejoicin' in me rhinestone jubilee, an' see what changes has taken place, an' how manny people have died, an' how much betther off the wur-ruld is. I'm proud iv mesilf. War an' pest'lence an' famine have occurred in me time, but I count thim lght with th' binifits that have fallen to th' race since I come on th' earth.”

“What ar-re ye talkin' about?” cried Mr. Hen-

By Finley Peter Dunne

nessy, in deep disgust. "All this time ye've been standin' behind this bar ladlin' out disturbance, to th' Sixth Wa-ard, an' ye have n't been as far east as Mitchigan Avnoo in twinty years. What have ye had to do with all these things?"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I had as much to do with them as th' queen."



FINLEY PETER DUNNE
"Mr. Dooley"

MR. DOOLEY ON GOLF

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

“A N’ what ’s this game iv goluf like, I dinnaw?” said Mr. Hennessy, lighting his pipe with much unnecessary noise. “Ye ’re a good deal iv a spoort, Jawnnny : did ye iver thry it?”

“No,” said Mr. McKenna. “I used to roll a hoop onct upon a time, but I ’m out of condition now.”

“It ain’t like base-ball,” said Mr. Hennessy, “an’ it ain’t like shinny, an’ it ain’t like lawn-teenis, an’ it ain’t like forty-fives, an’ it ain’t — ”

“Like canvas-back duck or anny other game ye know,” said Mr. Dooley.

“Thin what is it like?” said Mr. Hennessy. “I see be th’ pa-aper that Hobart What-d’-ye-call-him is wan iv th’ best at it. Th’ other day he made a scoor iv wan hundherd an’ sixty-eight, but whether ’t was miles or stitches, I cudden’t make out fr’ m th’ raypoorts.”

Mr. Dooley on Golf

“’T is little ye know,” saud Mr. Dooley. “Th’ game of goluf is as old as th’ hills. Me father had goluf links all over his place, an’ whin I was a kid, ’t was wan iv th’ principal spoorts iv me life, afther I ’d dug the turf f’r th’ avenin’, to go out and putt —”

“Poot, ye mean,” said Mr. Hennessy. “They ’se no such wurrud in th’ English language as putt. Belinda called me down har-rd on it no more thin las’ night.”

“There ye go!” said Mr. Dooley, angrily. “There ye go! D’ ye think this here game iv goluf is a spellin’ match? ’Tis like ye, Hinnissy, to be refereein’ a twinty-round glove contest be th’ rule iv three. I tell ye, I used to go out in th’ avenin’ an’ putt me mashie like hell-an’-all, til I was knowed fr’m wan end iv th’ county to th’ other as th’ champeen putter. I putted two men fr’m Roscommon in wan day, an’ they had to be took home on a dure.

“In America th’ game is played more ginteel, an’ is more like cigareet-smokin’, though less onhealthy f’r th’ lungs. ’T is a good game to play in a ham-

AMERICAN PROSE HUMOR 185

By Finley Peter Dunne

mick, whin ye 're all tired out fr'm social duties or shovellin' coke. Out iv dure golf is played be the followin' rules. If ye bring ye 'er wife f'r to see th' game, an' she has her name in th' paper, that counts ye wan. So th' first thing ye do is to find th' ray-poorter, an' tell him ye 're there. Thin ye ordher a bottle iv brown pop, an' have ye'er second fan ye with a towel. Afther this ye 'd dhress, an' here ye 've got to be dam particklar or ye 'll be stuck f'r th' dhrinks. If ye'er necktie is not on straight, that counts ye'er opponent wan. If both ye and ye'er opponent have ye'er neckties on crooked, th' first man that sees it gets th' stakes. Thin ye ordher a carredge — "

"Order what?" demanded Mr. McKenna.

"A carredge."

"What for?"

"F'r to take ye 'round th' links. Ye have a little boy followin' ye, carryin' ye'er clubs. Th' man that has the smallest little boy it counts him two. If th' little boy has th' rickets, it counts th' man in th' carredge three. The little boys is called caddies; but Clarence Heaney that tol' me all this — he be-

Mr. Dooley on Golf

longs to th' Foorth Wa-ard Goluf an' McKinley Club — said what th' little boys calls th' players 'd not be fit f'r to repeat."

"Well, whin ye dhrive up to th' tea grounds —"

"Th' what?" demanded Mr. Hennessy.

"Th' tea grounds, that 's like th' homeplate in base-ball, or ordherin' a piece iv chalk in a game iv spoil five. Its th' beginnin' iv ivrything. Whin ye get to th' tea grounds, ye step out, an' have ye'er hat ired be th' caddie. Thin ye'er man that ye'er goin' against comes up, an' he asks ye, 'Do you know Potther Pammer?' Well, if ye don't know Potther Pammer, it 's all up with ye: ye lose two points. But ye come right back at him with an upper cut: 'Do ye live on th' Lake Shore Dhrive?' If he does n't, ye have him in th' nine hole. Ye need n't play with him anny more. But, if ye do play with him, he has to spot three balls. If he 's a good man an' shifty on his feet, he 'll counter be askin' ye where ye spend th' summer. Now, ye can't tell him that ye spent th' summer with wan hook on th' free lunch an' another on th' ticker tape, and so ye go back three. That need n't discourage

By Finley Peter Dunne

ye at all, at all. Here 's yer chance to mix up, an' ye ask him if he was iver in Scotland. If he was n't, it counts ye five. Thin ye tell him that ye had an aunt wanst that heerd th' Jook iv Argyle talk in a phonograph; an', onless he comes back an' shoots it into ye that he was wanst run over be th' Prince iv Wales, ye have him groggy. I don't know whether th' Jook iv Argyle or th' Prince iv Wales counts f'r most. They 're like the right an' left bower iv thrumps. Th' best players is called scratch-men.

"What 's that f'r?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"It 's a Scotch game," saud Mr. Dooley, with a wave of his hand. "I wonder how it come out to-day. Here 's th' pa-aper. Let me see. McKinley at Canton. Still there. He niver cared to wandher fr'm his own fireside. Collar-button men f'r th' goold standard. Statues iv Heidelback, Ickleheimer an' Company to be erected in Washington. Another Vanderbuilt weddin'. That sounds like goluf, but it ain't. Newport society livin' in Mrs. Potther Pammer's cellar. Green-goods men declare f'r honest money. Anson in foorth place some more. Pianny tuners f'r McKinley. Li Hung Chang smells a rat.

Mr. Dooley on Golf

Abner McKinley supports the goold standard. Wait a minyit. Here it is: 'Goluf in gay attire.' Let me see. H'm. 'Foozled his approach,'—nasty thing. 'Topped th' ball.' 'Three up an' two to play.' Ah, here's the scoor. 'Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames —'

"'Hol' on!'" cried Mr. Hennessy, grabbing the paper out of his friend's hands. "'That's thim that was there.'"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, decisively, "'that 's th' goluf scoor.'"

IN THE COUNTRY*

BY HAYDEN CARUTH

WHEN, after ten years' exhortation, I induced my friend Chester Kent to decide to move to the country, I felt much gratified. We are old schoolmates, and our wives are devoted to each other. I had hoped the Kents would come to Jersey, where we live, but they decided, so Chet informed me, as we chanced to meet one day in an elevated train, on Westchester County. I told him if he needed any advice about rural matters that he must not hesitate to ask questions. My last charge to him as we parted was to write often. He said he would. He did.

I

Wednesday.

MY DEAR WILL.—We're here at last, and though we're not much settled yet, I'm going to keep my promise to write. In fact, it is no more than your

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In the Country

due, old fellow. We're delighted with the place and feel that we're going to be very happy here, and to you we owe all the thanks for getting out of that horrible flat and into the beautiful country. The house, we think, we shall like very much after we get a little acquainted with it. True, it seems to me I could have made it a bit more convenient if I had had the planning of it, but this may be only professional jealousy. But I must believe that you will agree with me that the architect's reason for placing the parlor between the kitchen and the dining-room is somewhat mysterious. There is a beautiful fireplace in the room which we shall use for a library, which is just the other side of the kitchen, and convenient to the well, clotheslines, grindstone, leach, and smoke-house. We think a great deal of this last-named — that is, Laura does. You know she rather objected to my smoking all over the house, and she says I'm to put a window in the smoke-house and use it for a smoking-room, since we sha'n't have any hams to smoke till next fall. Perhaps even then, by using mild tobacco and a cob pipe, I can still use it, and smoke the hams and bacon beautifully at the

By Hayden Caruth

same time I do myself. Of course I shall get a flock of pigs.

The view from the veranda is delightful. Woods and hills, and a valley stretching away to the south. There is a quiet country road winding away down to the village, and a rather large open field in front of the house. I've not yet been able to explore the neighborhood much, owing to an awkward little accident when we first arrived, by which I hurt my ankle. You see, it's a Colonial house, and quite unspoiled by modern repairs, although it *was* touched up slightly during Washington's first term. But you scarcely notice this, so it remains a splendid example of the pure Colonial. As I walked into the parlor the first morning the end of one of the floor boards went down with me and I sank half-way into the cellar. You know what an efficient woman Laura is? Well, she seized the other end of the board, which had gone *up*, and pulled it down and stepped on it. Unfortunately, she had the long end, and *she* now went down and *I* up. We both kept our balance admirably, and had a pretty little game of see-saw. Finally, we both jumped off, and she escaped unhurt,

In the Country

while the board went down endwise into the eighteenth-century depths below. I expect to be well in a day or two.

We've already got a flock of chickens — quite a large flock for an amateur, I fear. You see, three farmers came, each with a wagon-load of fowls, and I told one of them I would take his, they being white, and would therefore be decorative on the green grass; but there was a misunderstanding somehow, and the men all dumped their birds out by the barn, and they got hopelessly mixed up, so I had to take them all. I think there's about one hundred and ten of them, though they ran about a good deal when I counted them, and some of them had their heads down fighting rather ferociously. We expect quantities of eggs, as the hens are all said to lay like herrings.

I forgot to tell you the other day that I have a commission to plan twenty cottages at Hillkill-on-Hudson, and that I shall do most of the work at home, so as to get all the country possible. I can't hope to see you in the city much this summer, but you and Henrietta must come up when we get settled.

AMERICAN PROSE HUMOR 195

By Haylen Caruth

I have sent out a general alarm that I want to buy a cow. I hear that cows are very scarce, and I may not be able to get one, but shall do my best. Have also ordered some wood, and shall try the splendid old fireplace to-morrow if it's chilly, as it bids fair to be. Got three eggs to-day.

Write to me and give me any advice which you think I may need. I realize that I don't know everything about country life. Laura sends love to Henrietta, and joins me in hoping that you will both come up to see us after we get things running smoothly.

Ever yours,

CHESTER.

II.

Friday.

MY DEAR BOY.—That old Colonial fireplace worked charmingly, only we in our benighted twentieth-century ignorance did n't know how to dispose ourselves. You see, the chimney is extraordinarily large, and Laura and I could easily have got up in it and sat in a hammock or something, where I am sure we should have been warm and comfortable,

In the Country

and quite free from smoke. But we were so inexperienced as to stay in the room, where the smoke naturally came on its way to the windows. It was quite absurd of us, and we shall try the fireplace again when we get over coughing.

I find I am misinformed concerning the scarcity of cows. Yesterday morning I was awakened by hollow sounds, and on rising and looking out found no less than twelve men in the square in front, each holding a cow by a bit of rope. Up the road I saw a cloud of dust approaching, which later revealed a man on horseback driving a bevy of eight cows, three of them accompanied by small calves. The man's idea was to bring all he had and let me take my choice. I went out, but each man spoke so highly of his animal that I found it difficult to make a selection. The arrival of others only added to my perplexity. Finally Laura came out and settled the matter, very cleverly I thought. You know how artistic she is (she studied at the League, you remember), and she instantly said that she would n't tolerate a cow about the place which did n't have a crumpled horn. So I sent them all off, and waved back those that were

By Hayden Caruth

looming up in the distance, though the man with the regiment grumbled a good deal, saying that he had come ten miles, and that it was too far for a calf in arms to walk, anyhow, and that he 'd come mainly as an accommodation to me, hearing as how I wanted to get hold of a good cow, and cows being so tarnal skeerce. I finally gave him a dollar for his time. The men all said they would look up crumpled-horn cows, though they agreed in doubting if there was one in the county.

I am glad you told me that I ought to get more than three eggs a day from a hundred hens. I knew we needed more eggs, but I thought probably I ought to get more hens. I 've no doubt they 'll do better when they are settled. They cackle a good deal, which shows that their minds at least are on egg production. Your suggestion of china nest-eggs seems good, and I have ordered three dozen. One nest is undeveloped property, as a large terra-cotta colored hen stays on it all the time and growls if I approach her. She may be a regular trust, and have any number of eggs under her. If you know any legal way to oust her I wish you 'd tell me of it.

In the Country

We rather looked for a crumpled-horn cow this morning, but none came. I'm half afraid we made a mistake in not taking a plain animal. Do you know any humane way to crumple a cow's horn? The only man who came this morning was one with a dog. I said, no, it was a cow I wanted. Yes, yes, he said, so he heard—good dog—glad I liked it. It finally developed that he was deaf as a post, seventy-six years old, and that he'd walked all the way from Stamford, Connecticut, chiefly as an act of kindness to a new-comer; so I took the beast. Not pure bred, I fear, but decorative. We expected to have to advertise in the village paper for a cat, but somebody left a bagful of kittens on our veranda night before last, and two bagfuls last night, so we'll have plenty when they grow up. Perhaps the owners lost them, and Laura thinks I ought to advertise them as estrays. Are kittens considered valuable chattels in the country? I hope that they are not taxed if these all stay.

Your suggestion that there was probably a board over the top of the chimney was good. There was. Poked it off with a fishpole, and shall try another

AMERICAN PROSE HUMOR 199

By Hayden Caruth

fire to-morrow. Three eggs yesterday; two to-day. One of the men I got the chickens from tells me they are moulting. Says that after a while they will "lay like fury." Laura boiled nest-eggs this morning by mistake. I'm afraid those nest-eggs do more harm than good. The hens go and look in the nests, and then turn round and cackle. They think it fools me, but it does n't. When are you coming up?

Ever yours,

CHESTER.

III

Tuesday.

DEAR WILL.—I'm glad for the sake of appearances that that board is off the chimney, but it doesn't draw any better. This time, the smoke would n't even go out of the windows, but just wandered about the house and settled on things. Some of it actually went down cellar. The kittens all set up a terrible sneezing, and the dog (we have named him Rip Van Winkle) jumped through a window-pane. The smoke was so thick that I could n't see how Laura got out, but I think she followed Rip's example. There were two panes broken, anyhow. But it had one

In the Country

good effect — Laura does n't say anything more about *my* smoking in the house.

I was n't going to tell you the sequel of this, not wanting to worry you and Henrietta, but I might as well, because you'll have to know it sometime. The smoke was so bad, and my efforts to smother the fire with an armful of rhubarb leaves was so unsuccessful, that Laura and I struck out for the woods and went flower-hunting and bird's-nesting for a couple of hours. A passerby thought the house was on fire and ran to the village and gave the alarm.

Unfortunately, there's a fire company with a new engine (or, rather, an old one which they have just got, with brakes which go up and down — genuine old Harry Howard machine), and they came out pell-mell and dropped their hose down the well and squirted absolute tons of water into the upper windows, while volunteers lugged out the furniture. You can imagine how gently they handled it, and how good it was for the things, especially the books and pictures, and my papers and plans. There was one ray of light, however — Rip stood by the family, and bit the foreman of the engine company and two of

By Hayden Caruth

the volunteers. Good doggie! I had to pay damages, of course, but I did n't think them excessive. You see, it will take us some days to get settled again, so don't come this week.

I must tell you about the cow. We've got one. When we awoke yesterday morning we saw three men outside the gate with a cow. She had a beautifully crumpled horn, and Laura peeped through the shutter and said she would do. I went right down and told them I would take her. Then I asked the price, and they said \$75. I thought it pretty high, as none of the others had been above \$40, but the men said — well, I won't inflict what they *said* on you, as it took an hour and a quarter, but it amounted to this, that she was the only crumpled-horn cow in Westchester County, and a great prize; that there were plenty of rich nabobs down around White Plains who would jump at the chance to give a hundred, only they (the present trio) had n't time to take her down, being so busy with spring planting, and this such fine growin' weather. So I paid the money, and they walked away quick and rather nervously, and I saw eight or ten other men come from

In the Country

behind some trees down the road and join them. Then I realized that the whole crowd who came previously had formed a crumpled-horn cow syndicate, and were sharing in the profits. But I led her into the back yard, and Laura brought out her paints and began to sketch her. I shall put her into the front elevation of all the blue prints I make of those cottages, instead of the usual man with the garden hose.

Two eggs Saturday and nine to-day. I was startled when I first found the nine, thinking that somebody was trying to play a joke on us; then I remembered that owing to the excitement about the fire and the cow I had forgotten to gather them for three days, so the increase need alarm no one. Have hired a man to look after the stock, which now includes a pig. He's an honest Scandinavian, with blue eyes (the man is), and is large and decorative. Laura is going to sketch him. The pig squeals considerably, which makes the hens cackle. The country is less quiet than I have always been led to believe. That hen *was* sitting. I took her off forcibly, as you advised, but she was not the magnate I suspected. She had nothing but a white door-

By Hayden Caruth

knob, so I put her back. I can't see that she will hurt it. Besides, it is n't my knob. I think she brought it with her — under one wing, I suppose. The cow gave three pints of milk last night and two pints this morning. Do you suppose she, too, is moulting? Which do you advise that we make, butter or cheese? Don't you think that perhaps the cow has not yet arrived at her best age? Ole looked at her teeth and said she was more than fifteen. It seems that the dentological record of the cow ceases at fifteen. Come up next week. Laura sends love to Henrietta.

Ever yours,
CHET.

IV

MY DEAR WILL. — I write in great haste, and under most annoying conditions. There *were* swallows' nests in that chimney. Ole tried to swab them out from the top, and fell in, and came down head first, bringing along the nests and much mortar, and what I fear were highly improper remarks in his native tongue. When we built a fire the chimney drew magnificently. I piled on more wood. The blaze roared up the flue, and the draught threatened to draw Laura in. The next thing

In the Country

we knew the whole upper part of the house was ablaze. The fire company refused to respond, having been fooled once, and the house was a total loss. Nothing left but the cellar, and that full of ashes. Saved all of our things of value, however. Now living in the barn. Kittens escaped and are with us. Rip got excited again and bit Ole, who has gone to his brother's, eight miles away, to get a gun. Laura bearing up well, and sketching cow—side view. Don't come next week. Remember us to Henrietta. Two eggs to-day.

Ever yours,
C.

V

[Telegram]

Saturday.

Ole returned. Shot at dog; hit cow. Barn just burned to ground; set by gun wad. Chickens and kittens escaped. Wire course usually pursued in country under present circumstances. One egg.

CHESTER.

When I received this last communication I saw my duty. I must go to him. I rushed away for New York,

By Hayden Caruth

and in an hour was at the station where I must take the train to reach Chet's place. Of course I just missed one train, and found I must wait an hour for another. I bethought me of Chet's office a few blocks away, and decided to go over and speak to his business partner. But I met, not the partner, but Chet himself, in jaunty summer suit, cool and unruffled.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "when did you get back?"

"We hav n't been away," he answered, calmly. "We changed our minds, and have stuck to the flat, except for one or two trips to Coney Island. Come over and have luncheon with us. I'll telephone Laura."

"You heartless scoundrel! Then you made all those letters up, did you?"

"Certainly. One of the clerks who lives up there mailed them for me. I thought you'd enjoy thinking we were having the usual happy experiences incident to a summer country place; but you go and get mad. I see myself trying to please you again!"

JOHN HENRY ON BUTTING-IN

BY GEORGE V. HOBART

OF course if a fellow has a lady friend that's a dead swell looker he's always anxious to grab her by the elbow and lead her in among the rest of the promenaders.

I'm out to wager two or more seven-dollar bills that when it comes to face and form my lady friend has the rest of the bunch looking like the wall-flowers at a Choctaw cotillion.

She's the flag from the starter.

She's the only mirror on the mantelpiece—believe me!

I took her down the lane to one of those swell grub stations the other night and since then every time I think about it I feel like getting up and ordering myself out of the room.

Oh, scold me! scold me!

But I had to do it.

When a fellow is out buying his lady friend a

John Henry on Butting-In

pleasant evening and he runs into a lot of low-fore-heads he has to back up—that's all there is to it.

It goes against the grain to stand up and introduce my lady friend to every laborer in the four-flush vineyard who trails up to the table and gives me a glad look.

It does indeed.

Being somewhat of a money hater myself, of course I'm wise to enough pikers to fill a plowed field.

Just as sure as I stride into a fancy feed-store with nothing on my mind but a desire to act like a gentleman and buy hot cookies for the Best and Only I'm doomed to meet a bunch of saw-dust sports who want to leave their own tables and associate with me.

Of course they only do it just because they have elastic in their necks.

They expect an introduction to the Beautiful Girl and after getting it the've figured it out to hand her a line of conversation that will charm her to a stand-still and make the Man she's With look like a dried apple.

And every mother's son of them talks like he'd been struck in the grammar by a ferryboat.

By George V. Hobart

Anyway, I took my lady friend to a sumptuous soup-house the other evening for dinner. I've just ordered four dollars' worth off the card and we're sitting there in the hand-painted beanery chatting pleasantly and waiting for the longshoremen to journey back with the oysters.

Up to our table comes Abie Sluiceberger.

Abie has a great pull all along the line because the picture of an uncle of his hung in the Hall of Fame for nearly an hour before the janitor got onto it and threw it out.

Abie puts a hand on each corner of the table and leans over with all the grace peculiar to a soft shell crab.

"Hello, John Henry!" says Abie.

I bow and give him a Klondike grin, but he ducks and comes up happy.

"Eatin'?" inquires Abie.

"No, Abie," I answered, just to put him wise to the fact that a swift walkaway would do us all good, "no, we're not eating. We just dropped in to play a few hands of bridge whist with the waiter and he's gone to get a deck of cards. We never come into a

John Henry on Butting-In

restaurant to eat. Usually we drop in during the rush hours and help the proprietor peel the oysters. On this occasion, however, we 're out for a dickens of a spree so we 've decided to play bridge with the waiter."

"Quit your joshin', John Henry!" says Abie; "You 're gettin' to be a worse kidder than Bill McConnell!"

Then Abie pushes a lovely smile over in the direction of my lady friend, but it does n't land because she 's busy behind the bill of fare.

After while Abie notices that it's up to him to fondle a fierce frost, so he backs out.

"Who's your friend?" inquires Clara Jane, after Abie has moseyed away.

Now, you know, a fellow can't confess to the Original Package of Sweetness that he's entered in the same race with a lot of \$3 goats.

On the level, now, can he?

It was my cue to make a Big Play.

I had to get gabby and make Clara Jane believe I associated only with Torrid Tamales.

And did I?

By George V. Hobart

Oh, ask me easy just to tease me!

“Who! that?” I says, after I fished for a few French-fried potatoes; “Why, that’s Lord Hope.”

My lady friend dropped her knife and fork and gave me the startled gaze.

I never whimpered.

Oh, scold me! scold me!

“Lord Hope,” says she. “Why, John Henry, you never told me you knew Lord Hope!”

“Did n’t I?” I says; “my, my, how thoughtless! Well, that’s his Lordship all right, all right!”

Clara Jane thought a while, and I carved my initials on a sliver of celery.

“But you called him Abie!” says she, after a pause.

“Sure thing!” I says; “What else? Want me to call him Mose, or Rosey, or Meyer, or Ikey? He’s not Irish.”

“I can’t imagine an English nobleman being called Abie,” says my lady friend, for she’s a first-rate Believer by nature, but a Doubter when the dice roll heavy.

John Henry on Butting-In

I was beginning to feel just about as happy as a hard-boiled egg, but I was in up to my neck and I could n't holler for help.

"Englishmen have queer names, especially noblemen. Say, won't you have a charlotte russe or an apple fritter? — It'll do you good!" I says, hoping to swing the conversation close enough to the shore so that I could jump off and take to the timber.

But she would n't let go.

"Abie, Abie!" says my lady friend to herself; "Abie Hope! that sounds queer. *You* must know him pretty well to call him Abie?"

"Oh, yes, we went to school together," I says. "Would n't you like to bite into a portion of pie just by the way of no harm?"

"Why, John Henry!" says Clara Jane, giving me the glassy stare; "and you've always told me you went to school in Communipaw!"

My finish was ringing the door-bell.

Just then Mike McGuire strolled into the neighborhood, and wanted to hang up his hat on my hook.

Mike is another Lad with a Feeble Forehead, and when he's not pounding the pave in front of Booze

By George V. Hobart

Bazaar, he's acting as second assistant engineer in a pool-room.

Once in a while Mike breaks into a theater and tries to act until some one catches him with the goods. Then he apologizes, backs out of his harness, and is up and away to the swamps.

"Good evening," says Mike, pushing out the familiar fist.

I'm right back at him with a short-arm nod of recognition, and in a minute I'm busy with my beans.

"Feedin', I see!" says Mike, wishing to show my lady friend that his powers of observation are strictly home-made.

I gave him a look that I figured would comb his hair, but he's out to make a deep impression on Clara Jane, so my haughty expression didn't finish one, two, three.

Before I can get back from the breakaway, I find him reciting the sad story of his life, and watching my lady friend to see if she enjoys light literature.

"Oh, yes," says McGuire, "I do so love the stage. I've been playing the Provinces for eighteen

John Henry on Butting-In

weeks as Hotspur, the Boy Hero, in Ben Hur, and I was the hit of the show!"

Would n't that upset your box office?

Him the hit of the show!

Why, if applause was selling for two cents a ton, his ability could n't get a handful.

Two to one he was out doing the potato plantations with a No. 63 Unc. Tom's Cab. Co.

About all that guy could mix with is a parcel of Uncle Tommers.

Finally, after writing about four chapters, and getting his life lines crossed with George Washington, Manny Friend, John McCullough, and Tod Sloane, he begins to notice that the wind is blowing chill across the wild moor, so he signals the conductor and hops off the wagon.

"Who was that?" inquires my lady friend, as McGuire ambles back to his own table.

"That?" I says; "Oh! that was the Earl of Yarmouth."

Clara Jane handed me a swift glance, then she patted her hat pins and grabbed her gloves.

"Come along, John Henry," says she, "King

By George V. Hobart

Edward will be here in a minute, and after what I've read about him I don't think I care to meet him. Let's go home."

She wins in a whiper.

It'll take three weeks to square myself.

Hereafter, me to Dennett's. Me to the stack o' wheats symposium where the rest of the entries stick to their stalls. Where the outside conversation is confined to "Draw one!" and "Boil two, meejum."

No more swell Sandwich Saloons for me, where the grafters want to butt in all the while.

Oh, scold me! scold me!

MR. AND MRS. DINKELSPIEL DISCUSS LITERARY MATTERS

BY GEORGE V. HOBART

LITERATURE und milk dey vas a resemblance to each udder dese days because skience has discofered how to condensation dem both.

Some uf dem libraries vere dey haf condensationed der history uf efery ding unter der sun into abouid fifty larche wolumes has a gread attractionment for me.

Ven der colt vinter efenings come, und der bloozard is making some blizzings mit der snow-storm on der ouidside, id pleasures me to tuk vun uf dem wolumes down und sid in my easiness chair. Dey vas chenerally so heavy dot id makes a goot oxcoos to drob dem on der floor und vent to sleep.

Vunce I bought vun uf dem circulation libraries vare you pay fifty cents a day down und vun tollar a veek, und after you pay sigs tollars a month in two years id is yours uf you can find der receipts.

Mr. and Mrs. Dinkelspiel Discuss Literary Matters

Der vun I bought on der distillment plan id is called "Men Vot Haf Made Famousness in der World."

I wanted to see uf a friend uf mine by der name uf Soopnoodle vas inclusioned among der men vot haf made famousness, bud der mens vot authored der book oferlooked him.

Und Soopnoodle is such a famousness !

He is vun uf der men vot intentioned to help Chorge Dewey vin der baddle uf Manila, but he hat to stay home because he forgot to enlist in der navy.

Any vay, I decisioned to gif Katarina, vich she is my vedded wive, a liderary feastings, so I pud my pipe on der table und I set py her, "Katarina, draw your chair ub py der fireside uf der gas stufe und I vill make some readings to you auid uf our library."

"I vill be delightfuled !" set Katarina, moofing her chair arount so dot she could rest id on der cat py accident.

"Are you particularity aboud vot period uf history I read aboud ?" I set, gedding vun uf der wolumes down.

By George V. Hobart

“Nien,” set Katarina; “bud I vould preferation dot der historicals is abouid Mrs. Binglespitz, vich she lifts next door. She began to take singing lessons on her voice a veek ago, und nobody knows vy her husband left her der next day.”

“Vell,” I set, “I doan’d dink Mrs. Binglespitz is mentioned in among der ‘Men Vot Haf Made Famousness,’ bud uf she is taking singing lessons on her voice I dink ve could find her husband’s name in annuder libRARY vich id is called ‘Men Vot Haf Made Chackasses uf Demselfs py Marriageing.’ Now, led us procedure mit der fairst name in der fairst wolume uf dis libRARY vich ve haf. Der fairst name he is a fellow called Abelard. Dis Abelard he vas a Frenchman, und he is der only vun in der book vot believed dot Captain Dreyfuss vas nod as guilty as he looked.”

“Could id be so?” set Katarina, showing gread excitement.

“Ja,” I set; “dis fellow Abelard died before der udder Frenchmen built der factory vare dey made der secret dossiers und bordereaus und retty-made sissages, und dings like dot. Abelard he vas—”

Mr. and Mrs. Dinkelspiel Discuss Literary Matters

“Vait!” set Katarina; “is his name Heinrich Abelard? Vunce I knowed a family ofer on Fairst Afenue vich der name sounded somedings like dot. I dink vot his name vas Heinrich. Dey always mentioned him Heiney for shortness.”

“Katarina,” I set, “uf you blease, doan’d make craziness mit your head. Ve haf vent away back to der year 1079, und at dot dime Fairst Afenue hat nod been discoferied py Chrisduffer Columpus before he vent to Ohio. Vell, led us resumption. Id is a pitiless story, der story abouid Abelard is, yes. Now, ad der dime I mention he—”

“Vait!” set Katarina; “vas he killed in der Spinnish var mit Hopson und Cheneral Eagan ad der baddle uf Sandy Dago?”

“To me id is a vunder how so much biank space vas efer crowded into such a leedle head vot you haf, Katarina!” I set, losing der end uf my temper vare I vas holding id. “Vot is der use to haf a fine library like dis locked ub in der bookcase ven you display so much ignoramusness? Abelard he vas nod a chentlemans, he vas a Frenchman vot luffed a voman mit a devouringness uf passion vich gafe him der indichestion

By George V. Hobart

on account uf der vay his heart vent piddy-pad ven he made thinkings about der voman vot took his abbetite away so dot he could nod sleebe ad night."

"Vell," set Katarina, "uf he kissed her, dare is der same similarities between him und Hopson, ain'd id?"

"For a voman uf your visdom you haf more foolishness den any vot I know, Katarina!" I set. "Now lisen py me und I vill relation der story uf Abelard py you, yet. Abelard he vas in luff mit a girl vich her front name vas Hellolouise. Abelard luffed Hellolouise, und Hellolouise luffed Abelard mit a vunderful devotionings. Vell, yust about dis dime id —"

"Dot name uf Hellolouise id is a familiarity to me," set Katarina. "I vunder vas she der young lady vot wisited mit der Goobledickers last summer? I always thought dare vas a sad story in dot girl's history."

"In order to make some appreciating uf a library uf dis kind, Katarina," I set, "id is fairst necesserary to obtain some sensefulness in your head to make unterstanting uf vot id is talking about. Uf you

Mr. and Mrs. Dinkelspiel Discuss Literary Matters

blease, recollection dot. Vell, now, let us continuation. Come mit me pack to der year abouid 1100 und leave der Goobledickers vare are dey. Vell, ad der dime uf vich ve make mentionings der vorld id is full mit chenerations as yet unborn. Eferyding is in darkness. Der electricissity light haf nod been inwented because der only man vot could make der invention he nefer thought uf id. Der trolley cars vas nod running because dere vas no childrens playing in der streets to run into. Vell, unter such distressfulness circusstances as dis, Abelard met Hellolouise ouid valking vun day on der Bois de Bologney.

“ ‘Guten Morgen!’ set Abelard, raising his hat mit a politeness.

“ ‘Wie gehts!’ set Hellolouise, also mit a politeness.

“ ‘I haf nefer hat der delightfulness uf meeting mit you pefore!’ set Abelard, ‘und I am oferchoyed to see you so unexpectantly!’

“ Hellolouise blushed mit a rosiness.

“ ‘Unter der circusstances,’ set Abelard, ‘I feel compulsory to ask you to be my wife, uf you blease!’

By George V. Hobart

“ ‘Dis is so suttent,’ set Helloulouise; ‘und darefore I cannod make up my mind to refusal you!’ ”

“ ‘Und so dey vas married righd away in aboudit two or — ’ ”

“ ‘Vait!’ ” set Katarina; “ ‘dit dey vent to Niakara Falls by deir wedding trib?’ ”

“ ‘Ad der dime uf vich ve are sheaking, Katarina,’ ” I set, “ ‘Niakara vas nod in der wedding-trib pitzness. Uf you want to make craziness mit your thoughts, do so, yes! But doan’t led your foolishness ged away from you mit der vords vich you utility. Now remain silence und I vill remove more uf dis story from der history. Vell, after Abelard and Helloulouise dey vos married — ’ ”

“ ‘Vas id a church wedding, und vot did she veer?’ ” set Katarina.

“ ‘Vot is der difference did she veer welwet or chiffon ofer a pumpadoor shirt vaist?’ ” I set. “ ‘Dot is yust like a voman. Der moment a man says a vord aboudit a wedding der voman always says, ‘Vot did she veer?’ Vot a risdickillussness id is. Vell, anyhow, aboudit der story. Ven Abelard und Helloulouise dey vas married a chentlemans vich he vas a

Mr. and Mrs. Dinkelspiel Discuss Literary Matters

scoundrel by birth und also der uncle uf Abelard he vent und separationed dese two luffers, und — ”

“ Vait ! ” set Katarina ; “ vas dis uncle a lawyer in Chicago ? ”

“ Vot a luffly dime ve vould haf, Katarina, ” I set, “ uf you vould only poison your thoughts und kill dem before you sbeak dem ! Now, vy should you make such a question ad me ? ”

“ Vell, ” set Katarina, “ der only place I know vare peoples ged such a quick separationing from der marriage ceremonials is in Chicago. ”

“ Some dime, ” I set, “ ven you can tie a string around der craziness vich is in your head, Katarina, and keeb id dare midouid sbeaking abouid id, ve vill resumption dis story. For der bresent I dink id viil be bedder to pud dis library back on der shelf so dot der dust vill haf a nice place to seddle. Und, uf you vill oxcoos me, I vill vent down to Soopnoodle’s und play a cubble uf games uf pinochle. ”

Liderature is a splentit ding to haf a knowledge uf, bud sometimes a ignorance uf id makes less noise in der family, yes.

DINKELSPIEL EXPLAINS THE DREYFUS CASE

BY GEORGE V. HOBART

I HAF yust been gonversationing mit my vife, vich she is Katarina, abouid der tobics uf der day, vich she is nod familiaridy mit like me, yet.

Ach, Himmel! dem vimmens! dem vimmens! how dey vill make gonversationings mit der woices abouid dings dey doan'd know vot am I dalking abouid!

Vell, anyhcw, Katarina she set py me, "Died-erich, if you blease, make some exblaination ad me abouid der Driffus case vich id vas orichinally a natif uf France, und is now trafelling all ofer der vorld. Vy dit Driffus hit dot fellow Bordereau ofer der head mit a stuffed clup, und vy dit Driffus gif dot fellow Dossier some Chim Cheffries punches below der belt ven he vas nod looging?"

"Katarina," I set, "der vay you vas twisted abouid dis madder is der vorst mixing ub vot I efer saw any vun raddled abouid. Der Driffus case id is

Dinkelspiel Explains the Dreyfus Case

der mosd simblicidy case vot id is possibilidy to be. Id is so blain und so simblicidy dot efery man, vimmen, und children in der Union Sdades understants id in a different vay. Now, uf you blease, Katarina, made some attention ad me und I vill exblaination der whole madder:

“Vun day aboud seferal years ago Driffus, he vas valking down der Rue de Bologna und he med ub mit a fellow py der name uf Leedleneck Clams. Driffus he vas der Cabdain uf Combany A, National Guard uf der Sdade uf New Chersey, und Leedleneck Clams he vas der Fairst Lefftenem uf Combany B, National Guard uf der Sdade uf Merrylant. Dare always vas a gread rivalness bedween dem.

““Wie gehts!” set Driffus to Leedleneck Clams; ‘vill you choin me mit a absent frippy, vunce, yet?’

““How dare you set vot you set to me?” set Lefftenem Leedleneck Clams, gedding ret in der front bart uf his face.

““Vot dit I set vich I should not haf set ven I set id?” set Driffus, getting retty to fighd a duel.

““You set, “Wie gehts!” sir, dot is vot you

By George V. Hobart

set, und I belief dere is some treasonableness behind id,' set Leedleneck Clams. 'I haf a suspiciousness dot der vords vich you set dey vas Cherman, und I vill sbeak abouid id to a cubble uf goot liars vot I know, und perhaps ve can separation you from your chob, yes.'

"Den Lefftenem Leedleneck Clams valked off down der Rue, und Cabdain Driffus vent in Bauerschmidt's und took his absent frippy mit himself.

"In abouid two veeks a debudy cheriff valked ub to Cabdain Driffus, und he set: 'Oxcoos me, Cabdain, bud I vill haf to pinch you, yet. Come mit me down to der Cendral, uf you blease!'

"Der debudy cheriff he took Cabdain Driffus ub before der Sergeant. Der Sergeant his name vas Smeltzer. Smeltzer's fairst vife vas a cousin to der Poofnickles vot liff on Second Afenue.

"'You are guildy, Cabdain; vot dit you dit?' set der Sergeant.

"'I don'd know vot dit I dit, bud I vill pay der fine uf you neet der money,' set der Cabdain.

"Und yust den eighdy-nine Chenerals uf der Rekular Army und forty-safen Colonels und der Min-

Dinkelspiel Explains the Dreyfus Case

ster uf der Var und his whole family valked into der station house.

“‘I vant to haf fair play here,’ set der Minister uf der Var, ‘und, darefore, I belief dis man to be guilty no madder vedder dit he dit anyding or nod. Uf you blease, Sergeant, sendence dis man to der resd uf his lifedime in chail. I haf an encagement to go ouid on der guff-links und blay some guff dis afdernoon, but perhabs aboud nexd Friday or Skitterday afdernoon I vill loog ofer der efidence to see how much is he guilty. Aus mit him! Aus mit him!’

“Und den der eighdy-nine Chenerals und der forty-sefen Colonels dey chumped ub in der air und dey cricked deir heels togedder, und dey set: ‘Vive le France! To der dok-catchers mit Driffus! A bas Driffus a cubble uf dimes, also!’

“Und den Leedleneck Clams poked his head py der door in, und he set, ‘Now vill you set “Wie gehts!” to me any more, alretty, ven I do nod comprehension vot id is you mean ven you set it?’

“Und den der Sergeant ad der Cendral he sendenced

By George V. Hobart

Cabdain Driffus to sbend der resd uf his nadural life-dime on an island in der South, vare der deifel ged's his hot air to varm ub his recebtion-rooms.

“Vun day, afder Cabdain Driffus vas perspiration-ing for abouid seferal months on der island, vich der French borrowed from der deifel, der Minister uf der Var voke ub.

“‘Ach, Himmel!’ set der Minister uf der Var to der office boy; ‘I haf made a awful misdake. Run ouid und dell der Chenerals uf der Army und der Colonels to come here righd away qvick!’

“Zwei hunnert und fify-sefen Chenerals und drei t’ousand Colonels rushed ub der sdairs. ‘Ach, Himmel!’ set der Minister uf der Var, ‘vot a misdake! Vot a awful misdake! Vot a awful misdake! Vot a misdake abouid Driffus!’

“‘Vot id is?’ set all der Chenerals und der Colonels.

“Der vet veepings vas running down der face uf der Minister uf der Var. ‘How could ve haf made such a misdake?’ he exclamationed. ‘Id is awfulness! I vill never fergif you for doing vot I dit!’

“‘Vich vay vill ve yell?’ set one uf der Chenerals.

Dinkelspiel Explains the Dreyfus Case

‘Ve vant to make an a bas und ve doan’d know vich vay to make id.’

“‘Ach, Himmel!’ set der Minister uf der Var, ‘chustice musd be done, even uf der heavens fall ould. Ve haf mate a awful misdake; darefore, led us rectification id ad vunce. Ven ve sendenced Cabdain Driffus to his lifedime ve forgot to fine him anydings. He may haf money, berhaps. Ve haf oferlooked some bettings. Chustice, esen uf der heavens fall ould! Led us pring him pack from der Deifel’s Island und fine him a cubble uf million francs, uf he has id.’

“‘Vive le France!’ set der Chenerals und der Colonels, und den dey all rushed down py der dellygraff office und sent a collect message to Cabdain Driffus to come home on der nexd sdeamer, vich he dit.

“Und dare he is now down ad der Cendral before Sergeant Smeltzer und der Minister uf der Var, und all der Chenerals und der Coloneis dey are trying to proof dot he haf zwei hunnert und ninedeen tollars in a building und loan assisiation, vich dey need in deir pitzness.”

“Vell,” set Katarina, “dot is fery blain und sim-

By George V. Hobart

blicity, bud vot dit Cabdain Driffus dit ven he is nod
gildy uf ditting id?''

Ach, Himmel! Vimmens is der deifel for sbeaking
der foolish vords vich is in deir woices, ain'd id?

AT THE OPERA

BY BILLY BAXTER

(William J. Kountz, Jr.)

I WAS over in New York with the family last winter and they made me go with them to "Die Walküre" at the Metropolitan Opera House. When I got the tickets I asked the man's advice as to the best location. He said that all true lovers of music occupied the dress circle and balconies, and that he had some good center dress circle seats at three bones per. Here's a tip, Jim. If the box man ever hands you that true lover game, just reach in through the little hole and soak him in the solar for me. It's coming to him. I'll give you my word of honor we were a quarter of a mile from the stage. We went up in an elevator, were shown to our seats, and who was right behind us but my old pal Bud Hathaway from Chicago. Bud had his two sisters with him, and he gave me one sad look which said plainer than words, "So you're up against it too, eh!" We in-

At the Opera

roduced all hands around, and about nine o'clock the curtain went up. After we had waited fully ten minutes, out came a big, fat, greasy looking Dago with nothing on but a bear robe. He went over to the side of the stage, and sat down on a bum rock. It was plainly to be seen, even from my true lover's seat, that his bearlets was sorer than a dog about something. Presently in came a woman, and none of the true lovers seemed to know who she was. Some said it was Melba, others Nordica. Bud and I decided it was May Irwin. We were mistaken though, as Irwin has this woman lashed to the mast at any time or place. As soon as Mike the Dago espied the dame it was all off. He rushed, and drove a straight-arm jab, which had it reached would have given him the purse. But Shifty Sadie was n't there. She ducked, side stepped, and landed a clever half-arm hook which seemed to stun the big fellow. They clinched, and swayed back and forth, growling continually, while the orchestra played this trembly Eliza-crossing-the-ice music. Jim, I'm not swelling this a bit. On the level it happened just as I write it. All of a sudden some one seemed to win. They broke away, and ran wildly to the front of the stage.

By Billy Baxter

with their arms outstretched, yelling to beat three of a kind. The band cut loose something fierce. The leader tore out about \$9.00 worth of hair, and acted generally as though he had bats in his belfry. I thought sure the place would be pinched. It reminded me of Thirsty Thornton's dance hall out in Merrill, Wisconsin, when The Silent Swede used to start a general survival of the fittest, every time Mamie the Mink danced twice in succession with the young fellow from Albany, whose father owned the big mill up Rough River. Of course this audience was perfectly orderly and showed no intention whatever of cutting in, and there were no chairs, or glasses in the air, but I am forced to admit that the opera had Thornton's faded for noise. I asked Bud what the trouble was, and he answered that I could search him. The audience apparently went wild. Everybody said "Simply sublime!" "Isn't it grand?" "Perfectly superb!" "Bravo!" etc.; not because they really enjoyed it, but merely because they thought it was the proper thing to do. After that for three solid hours Rough House Mike and Shifty Sadie seemed to be apologizing to the audience for their disgraceful street brawl, which was honestly the only

At the Opera

good thing in the show. Along about twelve o'clock I thought I would talk over old times with Bud, but when I turned his way I found my tried and trusty comrade "Asleep at the Switch."

At the finish the woman next to me who seemed to be on, said that the main lady was dying. After it was too late, Mike seemed kind of sorry. He must have given her the knife, or the drops, because there was n't a minute that he could look in on her according to the rules. He laid her out on the bum rock, they set off a lot of red fire for some unknown reason, and the curtain dropped at 12:25. Never again for my money. Far be it from me knocking, but any time I want noise I'll take to a boiler shop, or a Union Station where I can understand what's coming off. I'm for a good mother show. Do you remember "The White Slave," Jim? Well, that's me. Was n't it immense where the main lady spurned the leering villain's gold and exclaimed, with flashing eye, "Rags are royal raiment, when worn for virtue's sake!" Great! "The White Slave" has "Die Walküre" beaten to a pulp, and they don't get to you for three cases gate money either.

IN LOVE

BY BILLY BAXTER

(William J. Kountz, Jr.)

PITTSBURG, PA., May 1, 1899.

DEAR JIM:—So you want to know how a fellow is going to tell positively when he is stuck on a girl, do you? Well, I'll tell you, and I'll tell you mighty quick. If some guy cuts in on your steady, you are going out to her home, and you are going to call her fine and plenty, are n't you? And unless she promises to bump the other fellow, you are going to leave her in a rage, are n't you? *Now, if you go back without being sent for, you're it.*

.

I have often thought I would land a girl with coin, blow business, and sit around for a while. It would be great to have your own hearthstone, with a couple of registered St. Bernard's lying around, and here and there a golden-haired darling romping and playing with a bottle of paregoric. But somehow or

In Love

other I always fall down. Now, take that Katherine Clark, who has been visiting the Hemingway's for the past month. When she first came, I said to myself, "Billy, my boy, here's your chance; break in and cop out an heiress." So I sicked myself on to her. Well, you know I'm not a piker. I went after her right. Eats, drinks, shows, and all the expensive things. I touched Johnny Black's brother-in-law for fifty, and gave an informal luncheon that was a pippin. I wore my New York Central shirt with the four stripes, and we had wine with cobwebs. There was n't a thing served that any one could pronounce, and Johnny Black got loaded, and told us on the quiet why his sister had left her husband. I insulted Johnny by making some remark about his joining the Tell Club, and altogether everything was a big success. The check came to \$44.60, and I flashed Johnny's brother-in-law's fifty. When the waiter brought the five-forty change, I waved him away as though the Standard Oil Company was the smallest thing I owned. The tip was out that old man Clark was black with money, and if it's so, I know why. He is tight-ribbed and popcorn. Down

By Billy Baxter

in George's Place the other day I asked the old man what he was going to drink, and he said he would rather have the money. And say, he gave me a cigar that looked as though it had some skin trouble, and smelled like some one was shoeing a horse. However, a fellow does n't *always* have to live with the bride's parents. Jim, this girl was a dream. Tailor-made, cloak-model form, city-broke, kind and sound. She could just naturally beat the works out of a piano ; and talk about your swell valves. Why, the other night she sang "A Sailor's Life 's the Life or Me" so realistically that Johnny Black got seasick.

Part Two
HUMOR IN VERSE

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To LEE & SHEPARD for "An Art Critic," from "Songs of Peace and War," and "A Cable-Car Preacher" and "The Prayer of Cyrus Brown," from "Dreams in Homespun," by Sam Walter Foss.

To THE MACMILLAN CO. for "The Butter Betty Bought" and "The Tutor," from "The Jingle Book," by Carolyn Wells.

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To THE NEW AMSTERDAM BOOK CO. for "Hoch! der Kaiser," from "Hasty Pudding Poems," by Rodney Blake.

To L. C. PAGE & Co. for "The Darktown Nine," from "Cap and Gown," by E. B. Mason.

To G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS for "Two Hundred Years Ago," from "Johnnie Corteau," and "Wreck of the Julie Plante," from "The Habitant," by William Henry Drummond; "Too Natural," from "Beaux and Belles," by Arthur Grissom; "He and She" and "The Siege of Dijklxprwbz," from "The Rhymes of Ironquill," by Eugene Ware.

To GEORGE H. RICHMOND & Co. for "A Vignette," from "Poems," by Caroline Duer.

To R. H. RUSSELL for "O-U-G-H," from "Just Rhymes," by Charles Battell Loomis; "I Didn't Like It," "My Angeline," and "Same Old Story," from "Stage Lyrics," by Harry B. Smith; "Aunt Eliza," "Baby," "Self-Sacrifice," and "Tender-Heartedness," from "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," by Colonel D. Streamer; "The Canner," from "The Merry-Go-Round," by Carolyn Wells.

To A. M. ROBERTSON for "The Drayman," from "Songs from Bohemia," by Daniel O'Connell.

To CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS for "Casey's Table d'Hote," from "A Little Book of Western Verse," by Eugene Field; "A Moral in Sèvres" by Mildred Howells; "Fuit Ilium," from "A Little Brother of the Rich, and Other Verses," by Edward Sanford Martin; "Prosit Neujahr," from "The Hermit of Carmel and Other Poems," by George Santayana.

To SMALL, MAYNARD & Co. for "Vive la Bagatelle" and "Willy and the Lady," from "A Gage of Youth," by Gelett Burgess; "A Spring Feeling" and "In Philistia," from "Last Songs from Vagabondia," by Bliss Carman; "Had a Set of Double Teeth," from "Up in Maine," and "When the Allegash Drive Goes Through," from "Pine Tree Ballads," by Holman F. Day; "Similar Cases," from "In This Our World," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman; "Barney McGee" and "A Stein Song," from "More Songs from Vagabondia," by Richard Hovey; "Holly Songs," from "Hills of Song," by Clinton Scollard.

To FREDERICK A. STOKES & Co. for "On Digital Extremities," "The Purple Cow," and "The Window Pain," from "The Burgess Nonsense Book," by Gelett Burgess; "Bessie Brown, M. D." and "A Kiss in the Rain," by Samuel Minturn Peck.

To WAY & WILLIAMS for "The Wicked Fisherman," from "Volunteer Grain," by Francis F. Browne; "Unsatisfied Yearning" and "Winter Dusk," from "An Acrobatic Muse," by R. K. Mun-
kittrick.

To T. M. WITMARK & SONS for "Walk," from "Jim Marshall's New Planner," by William Devere.

CONTENTS

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS	PAGE
Der Oak und der Vine	175
ANONYMOUS	
Afeared of a Gal	115
Lines to Miss Florence Huntingdon .	24
Tate Ate Late	69
What Hiawatha Probably Did . . .	130
RODNEY BLAKE	
Hoch der Kaiser	148
HENRY W. BOYNTON	
The Golfer's Rubaiyat	117
ROBERT BRIDGES (Droch)	
In Herford's Verses	105
CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE (Artemus Ward)	
Uncle Simon and Uncle Jim . . .	108
FRANCIS F. BROWNE	
The Wicked Fisherman -	36

CONTENTS

ROBERT BURDETTE

	PAGE
Orphan Born	70
Soldier, Rest!	152
Songs without Words	42

GELETT BURGESS

On Digital Extremities	216
The Purple Cow	236
The Window Pain	201
Vive la Bagatelle	154
Willy and the Lady	106

WILL CARLETON

The New Church Organ	95
--------------------------------	----

BLISS CARMAN

A Spring Feeling!	160
In Philistia	103

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL

A Nautical Ballad	194
-----------------------------	-----

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

The Persevering Tortoise and the Pre- tentious Hare	157
The Sycophantic Fox and the Gullible Raven	100

CONTENTS

PHŒBE CARY	PAGE
The Wife	119
When Lovely Woman	241
ROBERT CHAMBERS	
The Recruit	205
JOHN VANCE CHENEY	
Toad	151
THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS	
Rosalie Lee	54
JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE	
The Fighting Race	125
SAMUEL T. CLOVER	
To Let	121
HELEN AVERY CONE	
The Spring Beauties	229
ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON-COR-	
TISSOZ	
Praise-God Barebones	220
HOLMAN F. DAY	
Had a Set of Double Teeth	184
When the Allegash Drive Goes Through	109

CONTENTS

WILLIAM DEVERE	PAGE
Walk	9
EMILY DICKINSON	
Aristocracy	234
Forbidden Fruit	86
WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND	
Two Hundred Years Ago	18
Wreck of the "Julie Plante"	50
CAROLINE DUER	
A Vignette	239
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR	
Discovered	240
The Cornstalk Fiddle	199
RALPH WALDO EMERSON	
Fable	231
EUGENE FIELD	
Casey's Table d'Hote	246
JAMES THOMAS FIELDS	
The Owl-Critic	188
SAM WALTER FOSS	
A Cable-Car Preacher	144
An Art Critic	232
The Prayer of Cyrus Brown	173

CONTENTS

PAUL T. GILBERT

Triolet PAGE
208

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Similar Cases 89

ALBERT GORTON GREENE

Old Grimes 64

ARTHUR GRISSOM

Too Natural 114

TOM HALL

A Circumnavigation 94

BEATRICE HANSCOM

A Perplexing Question 155

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

My Honey, My Love 202

BRET HARTE

The Society upon the Stanislaus . . . 196

Plain Language from Truthful James . 243

JOHN HAY

Good and Bad Luck 153

Little Breeches 209

CONTENTS

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN	PAGE
Sparkling and Bright	72
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES	
The Deacon's Masterpiece; or, The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay" . . .	138
RICHARD HOVEY	
A Stein Song	113
Barney McGee	164
MILDRED HOWELLS	
A Moral in Sèvres	150
WALLACE IRWIN	
Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum 27, 58, 84, 137, 183	
TUDOR JENKS	
An Old Bachelor	40
BEN KING	
How Often	37
If I Should Die	44
Mary had a Cactus Plant	32
The Pessimist	129
S. E. KISER	
The Yankee Dude'll Do	67

CONTENTS

A. H. LAIDLAW	PAGE
It Is Time to Begin to Conclude . . .	38
GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN	
A Threnody	47
RUSSELL HILLIARD LOINES	
On a Magazine Sonnet	102
CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS	
O-U-G-H	85
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	
The Courtin'	178
CHARLES FLETCHER LUMMIS	
My Cigarette	74
EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN	
Fuit Ilium	133
E. B. MASON	
The Darktown Nine	212
ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER	
A Winter Wish	61
WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY	
The Menagerie	222

CONTENTS

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE	PAGE
A Visit from St. Nicholas	78
GEORGE POPE MORRIS	
The Retort	41
R. K. MUNKITTRICK	
Unsatisfied Yearning	99
Winter Dusk	120
CHARLES ALDEN NOBLE	
A Ballade of Ping-Pong	76
Lylve Resung	26
The Tragedy of It	31
DANIEL O'CONNELL	
The Drayman	30
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY	
Constancy	128
SAMUEL MINTURN PECK	
A Kiss in the Rain	192
Bessie Brown, M. D.	237
WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS	52
The Merchant of Smiles	52
To a Slipper	56
Tutti Frutti	43
With a Diamond Fede Ring	23

CONTENTS

WALLACE RICE	PAGE
A Rule of Three	124
Myopia	13
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY	
Little Orphant Annie	33
When the Frost is on the Punkin . .	87
DOANE ROBINSON	
One of the Palls	122
EDWARD ARLINGTON ROBINSON	
Two Men	21
JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE	
A Boston Lullaby	53
Lament of the Scotch-Irish Exile . .	45
The V-A-S-E	28
RAY CLARKE ROSE	
Lays that Please	163
Simple English	174
GEORGE SANTAYANA	
Prosit Neujahr	57
JOHN GODFREY SAXE	
The Briefless Barrister	217
Woman's Will	132

CONTENTS

CLINTON SCOLLARD

	PAGE
Holly Song	242

HARRY B. SMITH

I Did n't Like Him	82
My Angeline	135
Same Old Story	59

FRANK LIBBY STANTON

A Plantation Ditty	81
How I Spoke the Word	170
How to Eat Watermelons	55
The Backsliding Brother	22
The Famous Mulligan Ball	14

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Falstaff's Song	235
---------------------------	-----

COLONEL D. STREAMER

Aunt Eliza	46
Baby	49
Self-Sacrifice	73
Tender-Heartedness	63

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND

Omar in the Klondyke	6
--------------------------------	---

CONTENTS

JOHN BANNISTER TABB

	PAGE
An Interview	187
Decorators	66

BERT LESTON TAYLOR

A Fair Maid of Perth	177
A Maid of the Mist	204
Farewell	214
Literal Obedience	75
The Persistent Poet	77

ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER

Casey at the Bat	I
----------------------------	---

EUGENE F. WARE

He and She	193
Siege of Djk1xprwbz	230

CHARLES HENRY WEBB (John Paul)

Talk	156
----------------	-----

CAROLYN WELLS

One Week	17
The Butter Betty Bought	169
The Canner	71
The Poster Girl	131
The Tutor	147

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A canner exceedingly canny	71
A capital ship for an ocean trip	194
Alas for him, alas for it	31
All men the painter Youth engage	66
A matchless woman, six years old	43
An attorney was taking a turn	217
A raven sat upon a tree	100
A Russian sailed over the blue Black Sea . . .	152
As down the street he took his stroll	13
At noon to-day Murphy and Mame were tied .	27
A tutor who tooted the flute	147
A vacant heart to let: inquire for the key . .	121
Baby in the caldron fell	49
Baby's brain is tired of thinking	53
Barney McGee, there's no end of good luck in you	164
Before a Turkish town	230
Be the New Year sweet and short	57
Betty Botta bought some butter	169
Billy, in one of his nice new sashes	63

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Care is but a broken bubble	242
Cupid and my Campospe played	26
Cupid, playing blind-man's-buff	239
Cupid, the peddler	52
De gray owl sing f'um de chimbly top	81
Der Kaiser of dis Faterland	148
De screech owl screech f'um de ol' barn lof'	22
Did you ever hear of the Mulligan Ball	14
Down in the silent hallway	99
"Farewell;" another gloomy word	214
Father chancing to chastise	73
Forbidden fruit a flavor has	86
From the madding crowd they stand apart	28
Give me a rouse, then, in the Maytime	113
God makes sech nights, all white an' still	175
Good Luck is the gayest of all gay girls	153
Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay	138
Her cheeks are roses red and white	114
Her washing ended with the day	119
He slew the noble Mudje Keewis	130
He's smart, our boarder's smart, they say	232
History, and nature, too, repeat themselves, they say	59
H'it's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well Lane	202

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
I am a lone, unfathered chick	70
I and my Cousin Wildair met	220
I cannot sing the old songs	42
I don't go much on religion	209
I don'd vas preaching woman's righdts . . .	175
I'd rather have fingers than toes	216
If I should die to-night	44
I love you, my lord!	208
I'm just about the color of mud	151
I'm taught P-l-o-u-g-h	85
I never saw a Purple Cow	236
In other days the poet's lays	163
In the drinking-well	46
I remember, I remember	77
I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James	196
I sat with Chill December	187
I think it must be spring, I feel	160
It looked supremely rocky	1
It seems to me that talk should be	156
I were a pall at the buryin'	122
Last night I tumbled off the water cart . . .	58
Leave the lady, Willy, let the racket rip . . .	106
Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay	33

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Many mellow Cydonian Suckets	54
Mary had a cactus plant	32
Men, dying, make their wills, but wives . . .	132
My cigarette! the amulet	74
Nothing to do but work	129
Of all the places on the map	103
O, Fate, thou art a lobster, but not dead! . .	84
Of that rich draught which Egypt's Queen . .	155
Of times when I put on my gloves	174
Oh, darn it all!—afraid of her	115
Oh, I want to win me hame	45
Oh, listen while I tell you a truthful little tale	184
Oh, slip on something and come down quick	75
Oh, them days on Red Hoss Mountain, when the skies wuz fair 'nd blue	246
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man . . .	64
Old Nick, who taught the village school . . .	41
Old wine to drink!	61
O mommer! was n't Mame a looty toot . . .	183
Once a turtle, finding plenty	157
One stormy morn I chanced to meet	192
On wan dark night on Lac St. Pjerre	50
Put all the world between us	94
“Read out the names!” and Burke sat back . .	125

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Say, will she treat me white or throw me down	137
Scorn not the sonnet, though its strength be sapped	102
Seen you down at chu'ch las' night . . .	240
She kept her secret well, oh yes	135
She wears a rosebud in her hair	76
Sing a form of foolishness, laughing stocks and cranks!	154
Sparkling and bright in liquid light	72
Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy	24
Thank God my brain is not inclined to cut .	222
That man a perilous course doth keep . . .	36
The blessed poster girl leaned out	131
The captain that walks the quarter-deck . .	30
The mountain and the squirrel	231
The pedigree of honey	234
The proper way for a man to pray	173
The prospect is bare and white	120
The Puritan spring beauties stood freshly clad for church	229
There be two men of all mankind	21
There is a rule to drink	124
There was also A Fair Maid of Perth . . .	177
There was a young fellow named Tait . . .	69

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
There was likewise A Maid of the Mist . . .	204
There was once a little animal	89
The snow came down in sheets of white . . .	170
The Window has Four Little Panes	201
The year had gloomily begun	17
They stood on the bridge at midnight . . .	37
They've got a brand new organ, Sue	95
This Omar seems a decent chap	6
T'is strange how thoughtless people are . . .	144
To this complexion has your faded satin . .	56
To weep with those who weep is human . . .	105
T'was April when she came to town	237
T'was raw, and chill, and cold outside . . .	40
T'was the night before Christmas, when all through the house	78
Two honder year ago de worl' is purty slow .	18
Uncle Simon he	108
Upon my mantel piece they stand	150
Up the dusty road for Denver Town	9
Wake! for the sun has driven in equal flight .	117
Washington Johnson Leland Fine	212
Were you nurtured in the purple?	133
We're spurred with the spikes in our soles .	107
What, what, what	47

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
What Time in front of this dim glass the Prin- cess fair	23
When Cholly swung his golf-stick on the links	67
When I am dead you 'll find it hard . . .	193
When lovely woman wants a favor	241
When the corn 's all cut and the bright stalks shine	199
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock	87
When you slice a Georgy melon you mus' know what you is at	55
Where 's he that died o' Wednesday? . . .	235
Which I wish to remark	243
"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop	188
Ye parsons, desirous all sinners to save . . .	38
You gave me the key of your heart, my love .	128

Humorous Verse



CASEY AT THE BAT

IT looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine
that day;

The score stood four to six, with just an inning left
to play;

And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did
the same,

A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of
the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the
rest,

With that hope which springs eternal within the
human breast;

For they thought if only Casey could get one whack,
at that

They 'd put up even money, with Casey at the bat.

Casey at the Bat

But Flynn preceded Casey, and so likewise did
Blake,

And the former was a pudding and the latter was
a fake;

So on that stricken multitude a death-like silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting
to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despised Blakie tore the cover off
the ball;

And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what
had occurred,

There was Blakie safe on second, and Flynn a-hug-
ging third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous
yell,

It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled in
the dell;

It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the
flat;

For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

Casey at the Bat

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into
his place,

There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on
Casey's face;

And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed
his hat,

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 't was Casey
at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his
hands with dirt,

Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped
them on his shirt;

Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into
his hip,

Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled
Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling
through the air,

And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur
there;

Casey at the Bat

Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
“That ain’t my style,” said Casey. “Strike one,”
the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up
a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and
distant shore;

“Kill him! kill the umpire!” shouted some one on
the stand.

And it ’s likely they ’d have killed him had not
Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey’s vis-
age shone,

He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the
spheroid flew,

But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said,
“Strike two.”

“Fraud!” cried the maddened thousands, and the
echo answered, “Fraud!”

But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience
was awed;

Casey at the Bat

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his
muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey would n't let that ball go
by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are
clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets
it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's
blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shin-
ing bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere
children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has
struck out.

ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER.

Omar in the Klondike

OMAR IN THE KLONDIKE

“THIS Omar seems a decent chap,” said Flap-jack Dick one night,

When he had read my copy through, and then blown out the light;

“I ain’t much stuck on poetry, because I runs to news,

But I appreciate a man that loves his glass of booze.

“And Omar here likes good, red wine, although he’s pretty mum

On liquors, which is better yet, like whiskey, gin, or rum;

Perhaps his missus won’t allow him things like that to touch,

And he does n’t like to own it. Well, I don’t blame Omar much.

“Then I likes a man what’s partial to the ladies, young or old,

And Omar seems to seek ’em much as me and you seek gold;

Omar in the Klondike

I only hope for his sake that his wife don't learn his
game,
Or she'll put a chain on Omar, and that would be a
shame.

“His language is some florid, but I guess it is the
style

Of them writer chaps that studies and burns the mid-
night ile;

He tells us he's no chicken; so I guess he knows
what's best,

And can hold his own with Shakespeare, Waukeen
Miller, and the rest.

“But I hope he ain't a-thinkin' of a trip to this yere
camp,

For our dancin' girls is ancient, and our liquor's
somewhat damp

By doctorin' with water, and we ain't got wine
at all,

Though I had a drop of porter — but that was back
last fall.

Omar in the Klondike

“And he might n’t like our manners, and he might n’t
like the smell,
Which is half the charm of Dawson; and he might n’t
live to tell
Of the acres of wild roses that grows on every street;
And he might n’t like the winter, or he might n’t like
the heat.

“So I guess it’s best for Omar for to stay right
where he is,
And gallivant with Tottie, or with Flossie, or with
Lis;
And fill himself with claret, and although it ain’t like
beer,
I wish he’d send a bottle — just one bottle — to us
here.”

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

Walk

WALK

UP the dusty road from Denver town
To where the mines their treasures hide,
The road is long, and many miles,
The golden styre and town divide.
Along this road one summer's day,
There toiled a tired man,
Begrimed with dust, the weary way
He cussed, as some folks can.
The stranger hailed a passing team
That slowly dragged its load along;
His hail roused up the teamster old,
And checked his merry song.
"Say-y, stranger!" "Wal, whoap."

"Ken I walk behind your load
A spell in this road?"
"Wal, no, yer can't walk, but git
Up on this seat an' ride; git up hyer."
"Nop, that ain't what I want,
Fur it 's in yer dust, that 's like a smudge,
I want to trudge, for I desarve it."

Walk

“Wal, pards, I ain’t no hog, an’ I don’t
Own this road, afore nor ’hind.
So jest git right in the dust
An’ walk, if that ’s the way yer ’clined.
Gee up, ger lang!” the driver said.
The creaking wagon moved amain,
While close behind the stranger trudged,
And clouds of dust rose up again.

The teamster heard the stranger talk
As if two trudged behind his van,
Yet, looking ’round, could only spy
A single lonely man.
Yet heard the teamster words like these
Come from the dust as from a cloud,
For the weary traveler spoke his mind.
His thoughts he uttered loud,
And this the burden of his talk:
“Walk, now, you ——, walk!
Not the way you went to Denver?
Walk, —— ——! Jest walk!

Walk

“Went up in the mines an’ made yer stake,
’Nuff to take yer back to ther state
Whar yer wur born.
Whar ’n hell ’s yer corn?
Wal, walk you ——, walk!

“Dust in yer eyes, dust in yer nose,
Dust down yer throat, and thick
On yer clothes. Can’t hardly talk?
I know it, but walk, you ——, walk!

“What did yer do with all yer tin?
Ya-s, blew every cent of it in;
Got drunk, got sober, got drunk agin.
Wal, walk, ——! Jest walk.

“What did yer do? What did n’t yer do?
Why, when ye war thar, yer gold-dust flew,
Yer thought it fine to keep op’nin’ wine.
Now walk, you ——, walk.

“Stop to drink? What—water?
Why thar
Water with you war n’t anywhere.
’T was wine, Extra Dry. Oh,

Walk

You flew high—
Now walk, you ———, walk.

“ Chokes yer, this dust? Wal, that
Ain’t the wust,
When yer get back whar the
Diggins are
No pick, no shovel, no pan;
Wal, yer a healthy man,
Walk—jest walk.”

The fools don’t all go to Denver town,
Nor do they all from the mines come down.
Most all of us have in our day—
In some sort of shape, some kind of way—
Painted the town with the old stuff,
Dipped in stocks or made some bluff,
Mixed wines, old and new,
Got caught in wedlock by a shrew,
Stayed out all night, tight,
Rolled home in the morning light,
With crumpled tie and torn clawhammer,
, N’ woke up next day with a katzenjammer,
And walked, oh ———, how we walked.

Myopia

Now, don't try to yank every bun,
 Don't try to have all the fun,
 Don't think that you know it all,
 Don't think real estate won't fall,
 Don't try to bluff on an ace,
 Don't get stuck on a pretty face,
 Don't believe every jay's talk—
 For if you do you can bet you'll walk!

WILLIAM DEVERE.

MYOPIA

AS down the street he took his stroll,
 He cursed, for all he is a saint.
 He saw a sign atop a pole,
 As down the street he took his stroll,
 And climbed it up (near-sighted soul),
 So he could read—and read “FRESH
 PAINT,” . . .
 As down the street he took his stroll,
 He cursed, for all he is a saint.

WALLACE RICE.

The Famous Mulligan Ball

THE FAMOUS MULLIGAN BALL*

DID ever you hear of the Mulligan ball — the
Mulligan ball so fine —

Where we formed in ranks, and danced on planks,
and swung 'em along the line?

Where the first Four Hundred of the town moved
at the music's call?

There was never a ball in the world at all like the
famous Mulligan ball!

Town was a bit of a village then, and never a house
or shed

From street to street and beat to beat was higher than
Mulligan's head!

And never a theater troupe came round to 'liven us,
spring or fall,

And so Mulligan's wife she says, says she, "Plase
God, I'll give a ball!"

*From "Comes One with a Song." Copyright, 1903. Used by
permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Famous Mulligan Ball

And she did — God rest her, and save her, too!
(I'm liftin' to her my hat!)

And never a ball at all, at all, was half as fine as that!
Never no invitations sent — nothin' like that at all —
But the whole Four Hundred combed their hair and
went to the Mulligan ball.

And “Take yer places,” says Mulligan, “an’ dance
till you shake the wall!”

An’ I led Mrs. Mulligan off, as the lady that gave
the ball;

And we whirled around till we shook the ground,
with never a stop at all;

And I kicked the heels from my boots — please God —
at the famous Mulligan ball.

Mulligan jumped till he hit the roof, and the head
of him went clean through it!

The shingles fell on the floor pell-mell! Says Mulligan,
“Faith, I knew it!”

But we kept right on when the roof was gone, with
never a break at all;

We danced away till the break o’ day at the famous
Mulligan ball.

The Famous Mulligan Ball

But the best of things must pass away, like the flowers
that fade and fall,
And it's fifty years, as the records say, since we
danced at Mulligan's ball;
And the new Four Hundred never dance like the
Mulligans danced at all,
And I'm longing still, though my hair is gray, for
a ball like Mulligan's ball!

And I drift in dreams to the old-time town, and I hear
the fiddle sing;
And Mulligan sashays up and down, till the rafters
rock and ring!
Suppose, if I had a woman's eyes, maybe a tear
would fall
For the old-time fellows who took the prize at the
famous Mulligan ball!

FRANK L. STANTON.

One Week

ONE WEEK

THE year had gloomily begun
 For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
 SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun,
 And he had very little
 MON.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,
 I've nothing here but ones and
 TUES.

A bright thought struck him, and he said:
 "The rich Miss Goldrocks I will
 WED.

But when he paid his court to her,
 She lisped, but firmly said, "No,
 THUR."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die!
 Although hereafter I may
 FRI."

They found his gloves, and coat, and hat,
 The coroner upon them
 SAT.

CAROLYN WELLS.

Two Hundred Years Ago

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

TWO honder year ago de worl' is purty slow
Even folk upon dis contree 's not so smart,
Den who is travel roun' an' look out de pleasan'
groun'

For geev' de Yankee peop' a leetle start?
I'll tole you who dey were, de beeg, rough voyageurs,
Wit' deir cousin w'at you call coureurs de bois,
Dat's fightin' all de tam, an' never care a dam,
An' ev'ry wan dem feller he's come from Canadaw
Baptême!

He's comin' all de way from Canadaw.

But He watch dem, le bon Dieu, for He's got some
work to do,

An' He won't trust ev'rybody, no siree!
Only full-blood Canadien, lak Marquette an' Hen-
nepin,

An' w'at you t'ink of Louis Verandrye?
On church of Bonsecours! makin' ready for de tour,
See dem down upon de knee, all prayin' dere —

Two Hundred Years Ago

Wit' de paddle on de han' ev'ry good Canadien man,
An' affer dey be finish, hooraw for anyw'ere.

Yass, sir!

Dey 're ready now for goin' anyw'ere.

De nort' win' know dem well, an de prairie grass
can tell

How offen is trample by de ole tam botte
sauvage —

An' gray wolf on hees den kip very quiet, w'en

He hear dem boy a' singin' upon de long portage.

An' de night would fin' dem lie wit' deir faces on de
sky,

An' de breeze would come an' w'isper on deir ear

'Bout de wife an' sweetheart dere on Sorel an' Trois
Rivieres

Dey may never leev to see anoder year.

Dat's true,

Dey may never leev to kiss anoder year.

An' you'll know de place dey go, from de canyon
down below,

Or de mountain wit' hees nose above de cloud,

Two Hundred Years Ago

De lake among de hill, w'ere de grizzly drink hees
fill,

Or de rapid on de reever roarin' loud.

Ax de wil' deer if de flash of de ole Tree Reeve sash

He don't see it on de woods of Illinois

An' de musk-ox as he go, w'ere de camp-fire melt de
snow,

De smell he still remember of tabac Canadien!

Ha! Ha!

It's hard forgettin' smell of tabac Canadien!

So, ma frien', de Yankee man, he mus' try an' un-
derstan',

W'en he holler for dat flag de Star an' Stripe,

If he's little win' still lef', an' no danger hurt hese'f,

Den he better geev anoder cheer, ba cripe!

For de flag of la belle France, dat show de way across
From Louisbourg to Florida an' back.

So raise it ev'ryw'ere, lak' de ole tam voyageurs,

W'en you hear of de la Salle an' Cadillac —

Hooraw!

For de flag of de la Salle an' Cadillac.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

Two Men

TWO MEN

THERE be two men of all mankind
 That I should like to know about;
 But search and question where I will,
 I cannot ever find them out.

Melchizedek he praised the Lord,
 And gave some wine to Abraham;
 But who can tell what else he did
 Must be more learned than I am.

Ucalegon he lost his house
 When Agamemnon came to Troy;
 But who can tell me who he was —
 I'll pray the gods to give him joy.

There be two men of all mankind
 That I'm forever thinking on;
 They chase me everywhere I go, —
 Melchizedek, Ucalegon.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

The Backsliding Brother

THE BACKSLIDING BROTHER*

DE screech-owl screech f'um de ol' barn lof';
“You dranked yo' dram sence you done swear off!
En you gwine de way
Whar' de sinners stay,
En Satan gwine ter roas' you at de Jedgmint Day!”

Den de ol' ha'nt say, f'um de ol' chu'ch wall;
“You des so triflin' dat you *bad* ter fall!
En you gwine de way
Whar' de brimstone stay,
En Satan gwine ter roas' you at de Jedgmint Day!”

Den I shake en shiver
En I hunt fer kiver,
En I cry ter de good Lawd, “Please deliver!”
I tell 'im plain
Dat my hopes is vain,
En I dranked my dram fer ter ease my pain!

*From “Songs from Dixie Land.” Copyright, 1900. Used by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

With a Diamond Fede Ring

Den de screech-owl screech f'um de north ter south:

“You drinked yo’ dram, en you *smacked* yo’ *mouth*!

En you gwine de way

Whar’ de brimstone stay,

En Satan gwine ter roas’ you at de Jedgmint Day!”

FRANK L. STANTON.

WITH A DIAMOND FEDE RING

On an Old Venetian Mirror.

WHAT time in front of this dim glass the Princess
fair

Was combing out her lovely wealth of red-gold hair;
The Prince down-stooping kissed her, while she raised
much soft objection,

The mirror took the whole scene in and made a sweet
reflection.

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.

LINES TO MISS FLORENCE HUNTINGDON

SWEET maiden of Passamaquoddy
Shall we seek for communion of souls
Where the deep Mississippi meanders
Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?

Ah, no! — for in Maine I will find thee
A sweetly sequestered nook,
Where the far-winding Skoodoowabskooksis
Conjoins with the Skoodoowabskook.

There wander two beautiful rivers,
With many a winding and crook:
The one is the Skoodoowabskooksis;
The other, the Skoodoowabskook.

Ah, sweetest of haunts! though unmentioned
In geography, atlas, or book,
How fair is the Skoodoowabskooksis,
When joining the Skoodoowabskook!

Lines to Miss Florence Huntingdon

Our cot shall be close by the waters,
 Within that sequestered nook,
Reflected by Skoodoowabskooksis,
 And mirrored in Skoodoowabskook.

You shall sleep to the music of leaflets,
 By zephyrs in wantonness shook,
To dream of the Skoodoowabskooksis,
 And, perhaps, of the Skoodoowabskook.

Your food shall be fish from the waters,
 Drawn forth on the point of a hook,
From murmuring Skoodoowabskooksis,
 Or meandering Skoodoowabskook.

You shall quaff the most sparkling of waters,
 Drawn forth from a silvery brook,
Which flows to the Skoodoowabskooksis,
 And so to the Skoodoowabskook.

And you shall preside at the banquet,
 And I shall wait on you as cook;
And we'll talk of the Skoodoowabskooksis,
 And sing of the Skoodoowabskook.

Lylie Resung

Let others sing loudly of Saco,
Of Quoddy and Tattamagouche,
Of Kenebeccasis and Quaco,
Of Merigoniche and Buctouche,

Of Nashwaak and Magaguadavique,
Or Memmerimammericook: —
There's none like the Skoodoowabskooksis,
Excepting the Skoodoowabskook!

ANONYMOUS.

LYLYE RESUNG

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid played
The deuce of hearts (the saucy jade!)
And trumped her ace. Campaspe said
“Gadzooks!” her tone was loud and raspy —
“I’ll bet you niggled,” said my Campaspe.

ALDEN CHARLES NOBLE.

A Hoodlum's Love Sonnet

A HOODLUM'S LOVE SONNET

AT noon to-day Murphy and Mame were tied.
 A gospel huckster did the referee,
 And all the Drug Clerk's Union loped to see
 The queen of Minnie Street become a bride,
 And that bad actor, Murphy, by her side,
 Standing where Yours Despondent ought to be.
 I went to hang a smile in front of me,
 But weeps were in my glimmers when I tried.

The pastor murmured, "Two and two make one,"
 And slipped a sixteen-K on Mamie's grab;
 And when the game was tied and all was done
 The guests shied footwear at the bridal cab,
 And Murphy's little gilt-roofed brother Jim
 Snickered, "She's left her happy home for him."

WALLACE IRWIN.

The V-a-s-e

THE V-A-S-E

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * * *

Long they worshiped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said, “What a lovely vace!”

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

The V-a-s-e

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely vabs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that lovely vaws!"

Dies erit praegelida

Sinistra quum Bostonia.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

The Drayman

THE DRAYMAN

THE captain that walks the quarter-deck,
Is the monarch of the sea;
But every day, when I'm on my dray,
I'm as big a monarch as he.
For the car must slack when I'm on the track,
And the gripman's face gets blue,
As he holds her back till his muscles crack,
And he shouts, "Hey, hey! Say, you!
Get out of the way with that dray!" "I won't!"
"Get out of the way, I say!"
But I stiffen my back, and I stay on the track,
And I won't get out of the way.

When a gaudy carriage bowls along,
With a coachman perched on high,
Solemn and fat, a cockade in his hat,
Just like a big blue fly,
I swing my leaders across the road,
And put a stop to his jaunt,
And the ladies cry, "John, John, drive on!"
And I laugh when he says "I caun't."

The Tragedy of It

Oh, life to me is a big picnic,
 From the rise to the set of sun!
 The swells that ride in their fancy drags
 Don't begin to have my fun.
 I'm king of the road, though I wear no crown,
 As I leisurely move along,
 For I own the streets, and I hold them down,
 And I love to hear this song:
 "Get out of the way with your dray!" "I won't!"
 "Get out of the way, I say!"
 But I stiffen my back, and I stay on the track,
 And I don't get out of the way.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE TRAGEDY OF IT

ALAS for him, alas for it,
 Alas for you and I!
 When this I think I raise my mitt
 To dry my weeping eye.

ALDEN CHARLES NOBLE.

Mary Had a Cactus Plant

MARY HAD A CACTUS PLANT

MARY had a cactus plant,
So modestly it grew,
Shooting its little fibers out
It lived upon the dew.

Her little brother often heard
Her say it lived on air,
And so he pulled it up one day,
And placed it in a chair.

Placed it in a chair he did,
Then laughed in ghoulisn glee—
Placed it in the old arm-chair
Under the trysting-tree.

Nor thought of Mary's lover,
Who called each night to woo,
Or even dreamed they'd take a stroll,
As lovers often do.

The eve drew on. The lover came.
They sought the trysting-tree.
Where has the little cactus gone?
The lover—where is he? BEN KING.

Little Orphant Annie

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE*

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house
to stay,

An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the
crumbs away,

An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the
hearth, an' sweep,

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
board-an'-keep;

An' all us other children, when the supper things
is done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun

A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,

An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Onc't there was a little boy would n't say his pray'rs—

An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,

* From "Afterwhiles." Copyrighted by James Whitcomb Riley,
and published by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Little Orphant Annie

His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd
him bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he was n't
there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-
hole, an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue, an' ever'wheres,
I guess;

But all they ever found was thist his pants an'
roundabout!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,

An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;

An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks
was there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she
did n't care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
an' hide,



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Little Orphant Annie

They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by
her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
knowed what she 's about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,

An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,

An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away, —

You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond
and dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's
tear,

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,

Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The Wicked Fisherman

THE WICKED FISHERMAN

To a Fellow-Angler, G. M. M.

THAT man a perilous course doth keep,
Swept on like tides of Funday,
Who preys, while others pray (or sleep),
Upon the trout on Sunday.

A prayer or sermon, led by some
Good psalm-tune like old "Dundee,"
His sinful state would more become
Than catching trout on Sunday.

Has he no dread of what is said
By pious Mrs. Grundy? —
"How ever can that wicked man
Go fishing on a Sunday?"

But there's an angler shrewd as he
(And craftier could none be),
Who sets a bait for sinners straight
That fishing go on Sunday.

How Often

Then let him heed his wicked deed,
 Put by his rod till Monday,
 Or he 'll be fish for the Devil's dish,
 And served up hot some Sunday.

FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

HOW OFTEN

THEY stood on the bridge at midnight,
 In a park not far from the town;
 They stood on the bridge at midnight,
 Because they did n't sit down.

The moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church spire;
 The moon rose o'er the city
 And kept on rising higher.

How often, oh, how often!
 They whispered words so soft;
 How often, oh, how often;
 How often, oh, how oft!

BEN KING.

It is Time to Begin to Conclude

IT IS TIME TO BEGIN TO CONCLUDE

YE Parsons, desirous all sinners to save,
And to make each a prig or a prude,
If two thousand long years have not made us
behave,
It is time you began to conclude.

Ye Husbands, who wish your sweet mates to grow
mum,
And whose tongues you have never subdued,
If ten years of your reign have not made them grow
dumb,
It is time to begin to conclude.

Ye Matrons of men whose brown meerschaum still
mars
The sweet kiss with tobacco bedewed,
After pleading nine years, if they still puff cigars,
It is time you began to conclude.

It is Time to Begin to Conclude

Ye Lawyers, who aim to reform all the land,
And your statutes forever intrude,
If five thousand lost years have not worked as you
planned,
It is time to begin to conclude.

Ye Lovers, who sigh for the heart of a maid,
And forty-four years have pursued,
If two scores of young years have not taught you
your trade,
It is time you began to conclude.

Ye Doctors, who claim to cure every ill,
And so much of mock learning exude,
If the *Comma Bacillus* still laughs at your pill,
It is time to begin to conclude.

Ye Maidens of Fifty, who lonely abide,
Yet who heartily scout solitude,
If Jack with his whiskers is not at your side,
It is time to begin to conclude.

A. H. LAIDLAW

An Old Bachelor

AN OLD BACHELOR

'T WAS raw, and chill, and cold outside,
With a boisterous wind untamed,
But I was sitting snug within,
Where my good log-fire flamed.
As my clock ticked,
My cat purred,
And my kettle sang.

I read me a tale of war and love,
Brave knights and their ladies fair;
And I brewed a brew of stiff hot-scotch
To drive away dull care.
As my clock ticked,
My cat purred,
And my kettle sang.

At last the candles sputtered out,
But the embers still were bright,
When I turned my tumbler upside down,
An' bade m'self g' night!
As th' ket'l t-hic-ked,
The clock purred,
And the cat (hic) sang!

TUDOR JENKS.

The Retort

THE RETORT

OLD Nick, who taught the village school,
 Wedded a maid of home-spun habit ;
 He was as stubborn as a mule,
 She was as playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,
 Before her husband sought to make her
 The pink of country-polished life,
 And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
 And simple Jenny sadly missed him ;
 When he returned, behind her lord
 She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.

The husband's anger rose! — and red
 And white his face alternate grew!
 "Less freedom, ma'am!" Jane sighed and said,
 "*Oh, dear! I did n't know 't was you!*"

GEORGE POPE MORRIS.

"Songs without Words"

"SONGS WITHOUT WORDS" *

I CANNOT sing the old songs,
Though well I know the tune,
Familiar as a cradle-song
With sleep-compelling croon;
Yet though I 'm filled with music
As choirs of summer birds,
"I cannot sing the old songs"—
I do not know the words.

I start on "Hail Columbia,"
And get to "heav'n-born band,"
And there I strike an up-grade
With neither steam nor sand;
"Star Spangled Banner" downs me
Right in my wildest screaming,
I start all right, but dumbly come
To voiceless wreck at "streaming."

* From "Smiles Yoked with Sighs." Copyrighted by Robert J. Burdette, and published by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Tutti Frutti

So, when I sing the old songs,
 Don't murmur or complain
 If "Ti, diddy ah da, tum dum,"
 Should fill the sweetest strain.
 I love "Tolly um dum di do,"
 And the "trilla-la yeeep da" birds,
 But "I cannot sing the old songs" —
 I do not know the words.

ROBERT BURDETTE.

TUTTI FRUTTI

A MATCHLESS woman, six years old,
 With fetching smiles and frills of beauty,
 Asked me why *Tutti Frutti* ice
 Was pretty near all *Tutti*?

How apt to be the way, I thought,
 This world of daily work and duty,
 Always too much of *Tutti* brings,
 With not enough of *Frutti*.

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.

If I Should Die

IF I SHOULD DIE

IF I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick, o'er my lifeless clay —
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe,
And say, "Here 's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large white cravat,
And say, "What 's that?"

If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping the bier to show the grief you feel;
I say, if I should die to-night,
And you should come to me, and there and then,
Just even hint 'bout paying me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I 'd drop dead again.

BEN KING.

Lament of the Scotch-Irish Exile

LAMENT OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH EXILE

O H, I want to win me hame
 To my ain countrie,
The land frae whence I came
 Far away across the sea;
Bit I canna find it there, on the atlas anywhere,
And I greet and wonder sair
 Where the deil it can be?

I hae never met a man,
 In a' the warld wide,
Who has trod my native lan'
 Or its distant shores espied;
But they tell me there's a place where my hypo-
 thetic race
Its dim origin can trace —
 Tipperary-on-the-Clyde.

But anither answers: "Nae,
 Ye are varra far frae richt;
Glasgow town in Dublin Bay
 Is the spot we saw the licht."

"Aunt Eliza"

But I dinna find the maps bearing out these pawkie
chaps,

And I sometimes think perhaps
It has vanished out o' sight.

Oh, I fain wad win me hame
To that undiscovered lan'
That has neither place nor name
Where the Scoto-Irishman
May behold the castles fair by his fathers builded there
Many, many ages ere
Ancient history began.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

"AUNT ELIZA"

IN the drinking-well
(Which a plumber built her)
Aunt Eliza fell—

We must buy a filter.

COLONEL D. STREAMER.

A Threnody

A THRENODY

WHAT, what, what,
What 's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
iterranean — he 's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who would n't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead;
(Sorrow Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,

A Threnody

Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But lain 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthy walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And skeptics mock the lowly mound
And say, "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies, —
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries —
He knows what's Swat.

Baby

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and
of lamentation!

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning
of the Swattish nation!

Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength,
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN.

BABY

BABY in the caldron fell —
See the grief on mother's brow;
Mother loves her darling well —
Darling's quite hard-boiled by now.

COLONEL D. STREAMER.

Wreck of the "Julie Plante"

WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE"

ON wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't an' run below;
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

De Captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck, too —
He call de crew from up de hole
He call de cock also.
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor' — eas' — wes' —
De sout' win' she blow, too,

Wreck of the "Julie Plante"

W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher Captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"
Den de Captinne t'row de big ankerre,
But still de scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark, lak' one black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de Captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, "Good by, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early,
'Bout ha'f-pas' two — t'ree — four —
De Captinne, scow, an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore;
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

The Merchant of Smiles

MORAL

Now, all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm;
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre,
So long you stay on shore.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, M.D.

THE MERCHANT OF SMILES

CUPID, the peddler,
The mischievous peddler,
Mocks men and sings,
"Buy! Buy!
My pretty things.
Fede and gimmel rings
Buy! Buy!"

"Who's afraid?"
Said the little maid.

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.

A Boston Lullaby

A BOSTON LULLABY

BABY'S brain is tired of thinking
On the Wherefore and the Whence;
Baby's precious eyes are blinking
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning
Heavy leaves of lexicon;
Little nose is fretted learning
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature
Are beneficent and wise;
His medulla oblongata
Bids my darling close his eyes.

And his pneumogastriacs tell him
Quietude is always best
When his little cerebellum
Needs recuperative rest.

Rosalie Lee

Baby must have relaxation,
Let the world go wrong or right —
Sleep, my darling, leave Creation
To its chances for the night.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

ROSALIE LEE

MANY mellow Cydonian suckets,
Sweet apples, anthosmal, divine,
From the ruby-rimmed berylline buckets,
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;
Like the sweet golden goblet found glowing
On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,
Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing,
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee.

THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS.

How to Eat Watermelons

HOW TO EAT WATERMELONS

WHEN you slice a Georgy melon you mus' know
what you is at

An' look out how de knife is gwine in.

Put one-half on dis side er you — de yuther half
on dat,

En' den you gits betwixt 'em, en begin!

Oh, melons!

Honey good ter see;

But we'en it come ter sweetness,

De melon make fer me!

En den you puts yo' knife up, en you sorter licks
de blade,

En never stop fer sayin' any grace;

But eat ontell you satisfy — roll over in de shade,

En sleep ontell de sun shine in yo' face!

Oh, melons!

Honey good ter see;

But we'en it comes ter sweetness,

De melon make fer me!

FRANK LIBBY STANTON.

To a Slipper

TO A SLIPPER

TO this complexion has your faded satin,
With much ill-usage, come at last, and so
You stand in haughty silence on my mantel,
A high-heeled slipper with a pointed toe.
Does there still linger in your homespun lining
Some faint dim flutterings of mild regret
For gay young hearts that once beat time so
wildly,
Watching you tripping through the minuet?

What of sweet faces, brave in rouge and patches,
And powdered heads, and men in smalls arrayed,
Half-mad with admiration at your glancing
From quilted petticoat and stiff brocade?
What of soft eyes, white arms, and burning blushes?
What of the gallant Tory in nankeen,
Who made such fine remarks that evening, walking
Along the Battery to Bowling Green?

What of the catches trolled, the treasonous ballads,
The sprightly wit about the steaming bowl

Prosit Neujahr

Of Christmas wassail? Souvenirs enthralling
Must rouse again that *blasé* leather sole.
But tell me, was not that a fair assembly,
The stateliest you ever moved among,
When Polly Henderson got married in you?
The slipper only held its satin tongue.

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.

PROSIT NEUJAHR

BE the New Year sweet and short,
As the days of girl and boy are
Full of friendship, full of sport —
Prosit Neujahr!

Be it beautiful and great
As the days of grief and joy are
Full of wonder and of fate —
Prosit Neujahr!

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

A Hoodlum's Love Sonnet

A HOODLUM'S LOVE SONNET

LAST night I tumbled off the water cart—
It was a peacherino of a drunk;
I put the cocktail market on the punk,
And tore up all the sidewalks from the start.
The package that I carried was a tart
That beat Vesuvius out for sizz and spunk,
And when they put me in my little bunk
You could n't tell my jag and me apart.

Oh! would I were the iceman for a space,
Then might I cool this red-hot cocoanut,
Corral the jim-jam bugs that madly race
Around the eaves that from my forehead jut—
Or will a carpenter please come instead
And build a picket fence around my head?

WALLACE IRWIN.

“Same Old Story”

“SAME OLD STORY”

HISTORY, and nature, too, repeat themselves,
they say;

Men are only habit's slaves; we see it every day.

Life has done its best for me—I found it tiresome still;

For nothing's everything at all, and everything is *nil*.

Same old get up, dress, and tub;

Same old breakfast; same old club;

Same old feeling; same old blue;

Same old story—nothing new!

Life consists of paying bills as long as you have
health;

Woman? She'll be true to you—as long as you
have wealth;

Think sometimes of marriage, if the right girl I
could strike;

But the more I see of girls, the more they are alike.

Same old giggles, smiles, and eyes;

Same old kisses; same old sighs;

Same old chaff you; same adieu;

Same old story—nothing new!

"Same Old Story"

Go to theaters sometimes to see the latest plays;
Same old plots I played with in my happy childhood's days.

Hero, same; same villain; and same heroine in tears,
Starving, homeless, in the snow—with diamonds in her ears.

Same stern father making "bluffs";
Leading man all teeth and cuffs;
Same soubrettes, still twenty-two.
Same old story—nothing new!

Friend of mine got married; in a year or so—a boy!
Father really foolish in his fond paternal joy;
Talked about that "kiddy," and became a dreadful bore—

Just as if a baby never had been born before.
Same old crying, only more;
Same old business, walking floor;
Same old "kitchy—coochy—coo!"
Same old baby—nothing new!

HARRY B. SMITH.

A Winter Wish

A WINTER WISH

OLD wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter, —
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring, too, a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,

A Winter Wish

A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbèd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie —
Nor leave behind
The holye Book by which we live and die.

Tender-Heartedness

Old friends to talk!
 Ay, bring those chosen few,
 The wise, the courtly, and the true,
 So rarely found;
 Him for my wine, him for my stud,
 Him for my easel, distich, bud,
 In mountain walk!
 Bring Walter good,
 With soulful Fred, and learned Will,
 And thee, my alter ego (dearer still
 For every mood).
 These add a bouquet to my wine!
 These add a sparkle to my pine!
 If these I tine,
 Can books, or fire, or wine be good?
 ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

TENDER-HEARTEDNESS

BILLY, in one of his nice new sashes,
 Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes;
 Now, although the room grew chilly,
 I have n't the heart to poke poor Billy.
 COLONEL D. STREAMER.

Old Grimes

OLD GRIMES

OLD Grimes is dead, that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long black coat
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray —
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

Old Grimes

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown:
He wore a double-breasted vest —
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert:
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse —
Was sociable and gay:
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

Decorators

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor made a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

DECORATORS

ALL men the painter Youth engage;
And some, the famous sculptor, Age.
JOHN BANISTER TABB.

The Yankee Dude 'll Do

THE YANKEE DUDE 'LL DO

WHEN Cholly swung his golf-stick on the links,
 Or knocked the tennis-ball across the net,
 With his bangs done up in cunning little kinks —
 When he wore the tallest collar he could get,
 Oh, it was the fashion then
 To impale him on the pen —
 To regard him as a being made of putty through and
 through;
 But his racquet's laid away,
 He is roughing it to-day,
 And heroically proving that the Yankee dude 'll do.

When Algy, as some knight of old arrayed,
 Was the leading figure at the "fawncy ball,"
 We loathed him for the silly part he played,
 He was set down as a monkey — that was all!
 Oh, we looked upon him then
 As unfit to class with men,
 As one whose heart was putty, and whose brains
 were made of glue;

The Yankee Dude'll Do

But he's thrown his cane away,
And he grasps a gun to-day,
While the world beholds him, knowing that the
Yankee dude'll do.

When Clarence cruised about upon his yacht,
Or drove out with his footman through the park,
His mamma, it was generally thought,
Ought to have him in her keeping after dark!
Oh, we ridiculed him then,
We impaled him on the pen,
We thought he was effeminate, we dubbed him
"Sissy," too;
But he nobly marched away,
He is eating pork to-day,
And heroically proving that the Yankee dude'll do.

How they hurled themselves against the angry foe,
In the jungle and the trenches on the hill!
When the word to charge was given, every dude was
on the go —
He was there to die, to capture, or to kill!

Tait Ate Late

Oh, he struck his level when
Men were called upon again
To preserve the ancient glory of the old red, white,
and blue!
He has thrown his spats away,
He is wearing spurs to-day,
And the world will please take notice that the Yankee
dude 'll do!

S. E. KISER.

TAIT ATE LATE

THERE was a young fellow named Tait,
Who dined with his girl at 8:08;
But I'd hate to relate
What that fellow named Tait
And his tête-à-tête ate at 8:08!

ANONYMOUS.

Orphan Born

ORPHAN BORN*

I AM a lone, unfathered chick,
Of artificial hatching,
A pilgrim in a desert wild,
By happier, mothered chicks reviled,
From all relationships exiled,
To do my own lone scratching.

Fair science smiled upon my birth
One raw and gusty morning;
But ah, the sounds of barnyard mirth
To lonely me have little worth;
Alone am I in all the earth —
An orphan without borning.

Seek I my mother? I would find
A heartless personator;
A thing brass-feathered, man-designed,
With steam-pipe arteries intermined,
And pulseless cotton-batting lined —
A patent incubator.

* From "Smiles Yoked with Sighs." Copyrighted by Robert J. Burdette, and used by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Canner

It wearies me to think, you see —
Death would be better, rather —
Should downy chicks be hatched of me,
By fate's most pitiless decree,
My piping pullets still would be
With never a grandfather.

And when to earth I bid adieu
To seek a planet greater,
I will not do as others do,
Who fly to join the ancestral crew,
For I will just be gathered to
My incubator.

ROBERT BURDETTE.

THE CANNER

A CANNER, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
“A canner can can
Anything that he can;
But a canner can't can a can, can he?”
CAROLYN WELLS.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.

*Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.*

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here a while would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,

*To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.*

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond Regret delay him,

“Self-Sacrifice”

Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
 Nor sober Friendship stay him,
*We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.*

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

“SELF-SACRIFICE”

FATHER, chancing to chastise
 His indignant daughter Sue,
 Said, “I hope you realize
 That this hurts me more than you.”

Susan straightway ceased to roar.
 “If that's really true,” said she,
 “I can stand a good deal more;
 Pray go on, and don't mind me.”

COLONEL D. STREAMER.

My Cigarette

MY CIGARETTE

MY cigarette! The amulet
That charms afar unrest and sorrow;
The magic wand that far beyond
To-day can conjure up to-morrow.
Like love's desire, thy crown of fire
So softly with the twilight blending,
And ah! meseems, a poet's dreams
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

My cigarette! Can I forget
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,
Sat in the shade the elm-tree made
And rolled the fragrant weed together?
I at her side beatified,
To hold and guide her fingers willing;
She rolling slow the paper's snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling.

My cigarette! I see her yet,
The white smoke from her red lips curling,

Literal Obedience

Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,
Her gentle sighs, her laughter purling!
Ah, dainty roll, whose parting soul
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,
I, too, would burn if I might earn
Upon her lips so soft a pillow!

Ah, cigarette! The gay coquette
Has long forgot the flames she lighted,
And you and I unthinking by
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.
The darkness gathers fast without,
A raindrop on my window splashes;
My cigarette and heart are out,
And naught is left me but the ashes.

CHARLES FLETCHER LUMMIS.

LITERAL OBEDIENCE

“OH, slip on something and come down quick!”
His wife exclaimed with a frightened air.
He did: and he feels he has been played a trick —
For he slipped on a rug at the top of the stair.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR.

A Ballade of Ping-Pong

A BALLADE OF PING-PONG

SHE wears a rosebud in her hair
To mock me as it tosses free;
Were I more wise and she less fair
I fear that I should never be
A victim to such witchery;
For at her wiles and lovely arts
I'm fain to laugh with her, while she
Plays ping-pong with my heart of hearts.

The play's the thing; I wonder where,
What courtier with what courtesy
First played it, with what lady fair,
To music of what minstrelsy?
I wonder did he seem to see
Such eyes wherein a sunbeam starts,
And did he love (as I) while she
Played ping-pong with his heart of hearts?

For battledore they called it, there
In courts of gilded chivalry;

The Persistent Poet

No gallant ever lived to dare
To doubt its airy potency;
But now, that all the pageantry
Of those dead emperors departs,
I dream that she in memory
Plays ping-pong with my heart of hearts.

L'ENVOI

Ah, maiden, I must sail a sea
Whereof there are no maps or charts;
Wilt thou sail too, and there with me
Play ping-pong with my heart of hearts?
ALDEN CHARLES NOBLE.

THE PERSISTENT POET

“I REMEMBER, I remember” —
Something special? Not a bit;
But, you see, this is September,
And “remember” rhymes with it.
BERT LESTON TAYLOR.

A Visit from St. Nicholas

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all
through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

A Visit from St. Nicholas

And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name;

“Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and
Vixen!

On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now, dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes — how they twinkled! — his dimples how
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

A Visit from St. Nicholas

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!*”

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE.

A Plantation Ditty

A PLANTATION DITTY*

DE gray owl sing f'um de chimbly top:
 "Who — who — is — you-oo?"
En I say: "Good Lawd, hit 's des po' me,
En I ain't quite ready fer de Jasper Sea,
I 'm po' en sinful, ez you 'lowed I 'd be;
 Oh, wait, good Lawd, 'twell ter-morrer!"

De gray owl sing f'um de cypress-tree:
 "Who — who — is — you-oo?"
En I say: "Good Lawd, ef you look you 'll see
Hit ain't nobody but des po' me,
En I like ter stay 'twell my time is free;
 Oh, wait, good Lawd, 'twell ter-morrer!"

FRANK LIBBY STANTON.

* From "Comes One with a Song." Copyright, 1903. Used by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"I Did n't Like Him"

"I DID N'T LIKE HIM"

PERHAPS you may a-noticed I been soht o' sol-
emn lately,

Haven't been a-lookin' quite so p'asant.

Mabbe I have been a little bit too proud and
stately;

Dat 's because I 'se lonesome jes' at present.

I an' him agreed to quit a week or so ago,

Fo' now dat I am in de social swim

I 'se 'rived to de opinion dat he ain't my style o'
beau,

So I tole him dat my watch was fas' fo' him.

REFRAIN

Oh, I did n't like his clo'es,

An' I did n't like his eyes,

Nor his walk, nor his talk,

Nor his ready-made neckties.

I did n't like his name a bit,

Jes' 'spise the name o' Jim;

If dem ere reasons ain't enough,

I did n't like *Him*.

“I Did n’t Like Him”

Dimon’ ring he give to me, an’ said it was a fine
stone.

Guess it ’s only alum mixed wif camphor.
Took it roun’ to Eisenstein; he said it was a rhine-
stone,

Kind, he said, he did n’t give a dam fur.
Sealskin sack he give to me it got me in a row.
P’liceman called an’ asked to see dat sack;
Said another lady lost it. Course *I* don’t know how;
But I had to go to jail or give it back.

REFRAIN

Oh, I did n’t like his trade;
Trade dat kep’ him out all night.
He ’d de look ob a crook,
An’ he owned a bull’s-eye light.
So when policemen come to ask
What *I* know ’bout dat Jim,
I come to de confusion dat
I did n’t like *Him*.

HARRY B. SMITH.

A Hoodlum Love Sonnet

A HOODLUM LOVE SONNET

O FATE, thou art a lobster, but not dead!
Silently dost thou grab, e'en as the cop
Nabs the poor hobo sneaking from a shop
With some rich geezer's tile upon his head.
By thy fake propositions are we led
To get quite chesty when it's biff! kerflop!!
We take a tumble, and the cog-wheels stop,
Leaving the patient seeing stars in bed.

So was I swatted, for I could not draw
My last week's pay. I got the dinky dink.
No more I see the husk in dreams I saw,
And Mame is mine some more, I do not think.
I know my rival, and it makes me sore—
'T is Murphy, night clerk in McCann's drug store.

WALLACE IRWIN.



WALLACE IRWIN

O-u-g-h

O-U-G-H

A FRESH HACK AT AN OLD KNOT

I 'M taught p-l-o-u-g-h
S'all be pronouncé "plow."
"Zat 's easy w'en you know," I say,
"Mon Anglais, I 'll get through!"

My teacher say zat in zat case,
O-u-g-h is "oo."
An zen I laugh and say to him,
"Zees Anglais make me cough."

He say "Not 'coo,' but in zat word,
O-u-g-h is 'off,'"
Oh, Sacre bleu! such varied sounds
Of words makes me hiccough!

He say, "Again mon frien' ees wrong;
O-u-g-h is 'up'
In hiccough." Zen I cry, "No more,
You make my t'roat feel rough."

Forbidden Fruit

“Non, non!” he cry, “you are not right;

O-u-g-h is ‘uff.’ ”

I say, “I try to spik your words,

I cannot spik zem though!”

“In time you ’ll learn, but now you ’re wrong!

O-u-g-h is ‘owe.’ ”

“I ’ll try no more, I s’all go mad,

I ’ll drown me in ze lough!”

“But ere you drown yourself,” said he,

“O-u-g-h is ‘ock.’ ”

He taught no more, I held him fast,

And killed him wiz a rough.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

FORBIDDEN fruit a flavor has

That lawful orchards mocks;

How luscious lies the pea within

The pod that Duty locks!

EMILY DICKINSON.

When the Frost is on the Punkin

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN*

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin'
turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin'
of the hens,
And the rooster's hallellooyer as he tiptoes on the fence,
Oh, it's then 's the time a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of gra-
cious rest,
As he leaves the house bareheaded and goes out to feed
the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock.

There's somepin kind o' hearty-like about the atmos-
phere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall
is here.

*From "Neighborly Poems." Copyrighted by James Whitcomb
Riley, and published by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

When the Frost is on the Punkin

Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on
the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and the buzzin'
of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through
the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a picture that no painter has the colorin' to mock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves as golden as
the morn;
The stubble in the furries — kind o' lonesome like,
but still
A preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill;
The straw-stack in the medder, and the reaper in
the shed,
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead, —
Oh, it sets my heart a clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Similar Cases

SIMILAR CASES

THERE was once a little animal,
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
Over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Ehippus,
And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value —
When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpish old Dinoceras
And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
In days of long ago.
Said the little Ehippus,
“I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-nails
To run my earthly course!
I’m going to have a flowing tail!
I’m going to have a mane!
I’m going to stand fourteen hands high
On the psychozoic plain!”

Similar Cases

The Coryphodon was horrified,
The Dinoceras was shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus,
But he skipped away and mocked;
Then they laughed enormous laughter,
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go view his father's bones:
Said they, "You always were as small
And mean as now we see,
And that's conclusive evidence
That you're always going to be:
What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast,
With hoofs to gallop on?
Why, you'd have to change your nature!"
Said the Loxolophodon:
They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene;
That was the way they argued
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,
Far smarter than the rest,

Similar Cases

And everything that they could do
 He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him,
 And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
 They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
 “‘I’m going to be a Man!
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
 And conquer all I can!
I’m going to cut down forest trees,
 To make my houses higher!
I’m going to kill the Mastodon!
 I’m going to make a fire!’”

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes,
 With laughter wild and gay;
They tried to catch that boastful one,
 But he always got away;
So they yelled at him in chorus,
 Which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
 Which did n’t seem to hit;

Similar Cases

And then they gave him reasons,
Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
Attempt was sure to fail.

Said the sages, "In the first place,
The thing cannot be done!
And, second, if it *could* be,
It would not be any fun!
And, third, and most conclusive
And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature!
We should like to see you try!"
They chuckled then triumphantly,
These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
Unusually bright;
Unusually clever he,
Unusually brave,

Similar Cases

And he drew delightful Mammoths
On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbors,
Who were startled and surprised,
Said he, "My friends, in course of time,
We shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities!
We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day
Without the natural cause!
We are going to turn life upside down
About a thing called gold!
We are going to want the earth, and take
As much as we can hold!
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
Outside our proper skins!
We are going to have Diseases!
And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!!

Then they all rose up in fury
Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
Cometh quickly to an end:

A Circumnavigation

Said one, "This is chimerical!
Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another, "What a stupid life!
Too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all, "Before such things can come,
You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!"
And they all sat back and smiled:
Thought they, "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

A CIRCUMNAVIGATION

"PUT all the world between us,"
Quite vexed, my lady cried.
I did, and a stone Venus
Exclaimed, "You're side by side!"

TOM HALL.

The New Church Organ

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN

THEY 've got a brand-new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They 've done just as they said they 'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They 're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They 've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They 've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in' *my* voice and vote;
For it was never *my* desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I 've been a sister good an' true
For five-an'-thirty year;
I 've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I 've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led;

The New Church Organ

And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read, "I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will—
It somehow gratifies *my* whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I could n't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near;
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I 'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;

The New Church Organ

But though my voice was good an' strong,
I could n't steer it right.
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know
They play a little tune ;
I did n't understand, and so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown — I could but look —
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin'-book,
An' never went to be;

The New Church Organ

But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough!
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book through and through,
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
And when they took another bout,
He did n't even rise;
But drew his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.
I've been a sister, good an' true,
For five-an'-thirty year;

Unsatisfied Yearning

I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear;
 But Death will stop my voice, I know,
 For he is on my track;
 And some day I to church will go,
 And nevermore come back;
 And when the folks gets up to sing —
 Whene'er that time shall be —
 I do not want no *patent* thing
 A-squealin' over me!

WILL CARLETON.

UNSATISFIED YEARNING

DOWN in the silent hallway
 Scampers the dog about,
 And whines, and barks, and scratches,
 In order to get out.

Once in the glittering starlight,
 He straightway doth begin
 To set up a doleful howling
 In order to get in.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The Sycophantic Fox and the Gullible Raven

THE SYCOPHANTIC FOX AND THE
GULLIBLE RAVEN

A RAVEN sat upon a tree,
And not a word he spoke, for
His beak contained a piece of Brie,
Or, maybe, it was Roquefort;
We 'll make it any kind you please—
At all events, it was a cheese.

Beneath the tree's umbrageous limb
A hungry fox sat smiling;
He saw the raven watching him,
And spoke in words beguiling:
“*J'admire,*” said he, “*ton beau plumage*”
(The which was simply persiflage).

Two things there are, no doubt you know,
To which a fox is used—
A rooster that is bound to crow,
A crow that 's bound to roost,
And whichsoever he espies
He tells the most unblushing lies.

The Sycophantic Fox and the Gullible Raven

“Sweet fowl,” he said, “I understand
You’re more than merely natty;
I hear you sing to beat the band
And Adelina Patti.
Pray, render with your liquid tongue
A bit from ‘Götterdämmerung,’ ”

The subtle speech was aimed to please
The crow, and it succeeded;
He thought no bird in all the trees
Could sing as well as he did.
In flattery completely doused,
He gave the “~~Very~~ Song” from “Faust.”

But gravitation’s law, of course,
As Isaac Newton showed it,
Exerted on the cheese its force,
And elsewhere soon bestowed it.
In fact, there is no need to tell
What happened when to earth it fell.

I blush to add that when the bird
Took in the situation

On a Magazine Sonnet

He said one brief, emphatic word
Unfit for publication.
The fox was greatly startled, but
He only sighed, and answered "Tut!"

The Moral is: A fox is bound
To be a shameless sinner.
And also: When the cheese comes round
You know it 's after dinner.
But (what is only known to few)
The fox is after dinner, too.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

ON A MAGAZINE SONNET

"SCORN not the sonnet," though its strength be
sapped,
Nor say malignant its inventor blundered;
The corpse that here in fourteen lines is wrapped
Had otherwise been covered with a hundred.

RUSSELL HILLARD LOINES.

“In Philistia”

“IN PHILISTIA”

OF all the places on the map,
Some queer and others queerer,
Arcadia is dear to me,
Philistia is dearer.

There dwell a few who never knew
The pangs of heavenly hunger,
As fresh and fair and fond and frail
As when the world was younger.

If there is any sweeter sound
Than bobolinks or thrushes,
It is the frou-frou of their silks —
The roll of their barouches.

I love them even when they 're good,
As well as when they 're sinners;
When they are sad and worldly wise
And when they are beginners.

"In Philistia"

(I say I do; of course the fact,
For better or for worse is,
My unerratic life denies
My too erotic verses.)

I dote upon their waywardness,
'Their foibles and their follies;
If there's a madder pate than Di's,
Perhaps it may be Dolly's.

They have no "problems" to discuss,
No "theories" to discover;
They are not "new"; and I — I am
Their very grateful lover.

I care not if their minds confuse
Alastor with Aladdin;
And Cimabue is far less
To them than Chimmie Fadden.

They never heard of William Blake,
Nor saw a Botticelli;
Yet one is, "Yours till death, Louise,"
And one, "Your loving Nellie."

In Herford's Verses

They never tease me for my views,
Nor tax me with my grammar;
Nor test me on the latest news,
Until I have to stammer.

They never talk about their "moods,"
They never know they have them;
The world is good enough for them,
And that is why I love them.

They never puzzle me with Greek,
Nor drive me mad with Ibsen;
Yet over forms as fair as Eve's
They wear the gowns of Gibson.

BLISS CARMAN.

IN HERFORD'S VERSES

TO weep with those who weep is human;
We give our praises to the man of grit,
And honor with our trust the true man;
Let 's laugh a little with a man of wit!

ROBERT BRIDGES.

(Droch.)

Willy and the Lady

WILLY AND THE LADY

LEAVE the lady, Willy, let the racket rip,
She is going to fool you, you have lost your
grip,
Your brain is in a muddle and your heart is in a
whirl,
Come along with me, Willy, never mind the girl!

Come and have a man-talk;
Come with those who *can* talk;
Light your pipe and listen, and the boys will see you
through;
Love is only chatter,
Friends are all that matter;
Come and talk the man-talk; that 's the cure for you!

Leave the lady, Willy, let her letter wait,
You 'll forget your troubles when you get it straight,
The world is full of women, and the women full of
wile;
Come along with me, Willy, we can make you smile!

Willy and the Lady

Come and have a man-talk,
A rousing black-and-tan talk,
There are plenty there to teach you; there 's a lot for
you to do;
Your head must stop its whirling
Before you go a-girling;
Come and talk the man-talk; that 's the cure for you!

Leave the lady, Willy, the night is good and long,
Time for beer and 'baccy, time to have a song;
Where the smoke is swirling, sorrow if you can—
Come along with me, Willy, come and be a man!

Come and have a man-talk,
Come with those who *can* talk,
Light your pipe and listen, and the boys will see you
through;
Love is only chatter,
Friends are all that matter;
Come and talk the man-talk; that 's the cure for you!

Leave the lady, Willy, you are rather young;
When the tales are over, when the songs are sung,

Uncle Simon and Uncle Jim

When the men have made you, try the girl again;
Come along with me, Willy, you 'll be better then!

Come and have a man-talk,
Forget your girl-divan talk;
You 've got to get acquainted with another point of
view!

Girls will only fool you;
We 're the ones to school you;
Come and talk the man-talk; that 's the cure for you!

GELETT BURGESS.

UNCLE SIMON AND UNCLE JIM

UNCLE SIMON he
Clumb up a tree

To see

What he could see,

When presentlee

Uncle Jim

Clumb up beside of him

And squatted down by he.

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE.

(Artemus Ward.)

When the Allegash Drive Goes Through

WHEN THE ALLEGASH DRIVE
GOES THROUGH

WE 're spurred with the spikes in our soles;
There is water a-swash in our boots;
Our hands are hard-calloused by peavies and poles,
And we 're drenched with the spume of the
chutes;

We gather our herds at the head,
Where the axes have toppled them loose,
And down from the hills where the rivers are fed
We harry the hemlock and spruce.

We hurroop them with the peavies from their sullen
beds of snow;

With the pickpole for a goadstick, down the brimming
streams we go;

They are hitching, they are halting, and they lurk
and hide and dodge,

They sneak for skulking eddies, they bunt the bank
and lodge;

And we almost can imagine that they hear the yell
of saws

When the Allegash Drive Goes Through

And the grunting of the grinders of the paper-mills,
because
They loiter in the shallows and they cob-pile at the
falls,
And they buck like ugly cattle where the broad dead-
water crawls;
But we wallow in and welt 'em, with the water to our
waist,
For the driving pitch is dropping and the drouth
is gasping "Haste"!
Here a dam and there a jam, that is grabbed by
grinning rocks,
Gnawed by the teeth of the ravening ledge that
slavers at our flocks;
Twenty a month for daring Death — for fighting from
dawn to dark —
Twenty and grub and a place to sleep in God's great
public park;
We roofless go, with the cook's bateau to follow our
hungry crew —
A billion of spruce and hell turned loose when the
Allegash drive goes through.

When the Allegash Drive Goes Through

My lad with the spurs at his heel
Has a cattle-ranch bronco to bust;
A thousand of Texans to wheedle and wheel
To market through smother and dust;
But I with the peavy and pole
Am driving the herds of the pine,
Grant to my brother what suits his soul,
But no bellowing brutes in mine.

He would wince to wade and wallow — and I hate
a horse or steer!
But we stand the kings of herders — he for There
and I for Here;
Though he rides with Death behind him when he
rounds the wild stampede,
I will chop the jamming king-log and I'll match him
deed for deed;
And for me the greenwood savor, and the lash across
my face
Of the spitting spume that belches from the back-wash
of the race;
The glory of the tumult where the tumbling torrent
rolls,

When the Allegash Drive Goes Through

With half a hundred drivers riding through with
lunging poles;
Here's huzza for reckless chances! Here's hurrah
for those who ride
Through the jaws of boiling sluices, yeasty white
from side to side!
Our brawny fists are calloused, and we're mostly
holes and hair,
But if grit were golden bullion we'd have coin to spend
and spare!

Here some ribs and there the lips of a whirlpool's
bellowing mouth,
Death we clinch and Time we fight, for behind
us gasps the Drouth;
Twenty a month, bateau for a home, and only a peep
at town,
For our money is gone in a brace of nights after the
drive is down;
But with peavies and poles and care-free souls our
ragged and roofless crew
Swarms gayly along with whoop and song when the
Allegash drive goes through.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

A Stein Song

A STEIN SONG

GIVE me a rouse, then, in the Maytime
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into daytime
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing
clear.

When the wind comes up from Cuba,
And the birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then it's no wonder whether
The boys will get together,
With a stein on the table and a cheer for every-
thing.

For we're all frank-and-twenty
When the spring is in the air;

Too Natural

And we 've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we 've life and love to spare;
And it 's birds of a feather
When we all get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When His children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.
RICHARD HOVEY.

TOO NATURAL

HER cheeks are roses red and white,
Her mouth a cleft red rose;
But ah, she is too natural quite—
Her tongue 's a thorn, he knows!

ARTHUR GRISSOM.

Afeared of a Gal

AFEARED OF A GAL

OH, darn it all!—afeared of her,
 And such a mite of a gal;
 Why, two of her size rolled into one
 Won't ditto sister Sal!
 Her voice is sweet as the whippoorwill's,
 And the sunshine 's in her hair;
 But I 'd rather face a redskin's knife,
 Or the grip of a grizzly bear.
 Yet Sal says, " Why, she 's such a dear,
 She 's just the one for you."
 Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gal,
 And me just six feet two!
 Though she ain't any size, while I 'm
 Considerable tall,
 I 'm nowhere when she speaks to me ;
 She makes me feel so small.
 My face grows red, my tongue gets hitched,
 The cussed thing won't go;
 It riles me, 'cause it makes her think
 I 'm most tarnation slow.

Afeared of a Gal

And though folks say she 's sweet on me,
I guess it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

My sakes! just s'pose if what the folks
Is saying should be so!
Go, Cousin Jane, and speak to her,
Find out and let me know;
Tell her the gals should court the men,
For is n't this leap-year?
That 's why I 'm kind of bashful like,
A waiting for her here.
And should she hear I 'm scared of her,
You 'll swear it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

ANONYMOUS.

The Golfer's Rubáiyát

THE GOLFER'S RUBÁIYÁT

WAKE! for the sun has driven in equal flight
The stars before him from the Tee of Night,
And holed them every one without a Miss,
Swinging at ease his gold-shod Shaft of Light.

Now, the fresh Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Pores on this Club and That with anxious eye,
And dreams of Rounds beyond the Rounds of
Liars.

Come, choose your Ball, and in the fire of Spring,
Your Red Coat and your wooden Putter fling;
The Club of Time has but a little while
To waggle, and the Club is on the swing.

A Bag of Clubs, a Silver Town or two,
A Flask of Scotch, a Pipe of Shag, and Thou
Beside me caddying in the Wilderness—
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

The Golfer's Rubáiyát

Myself, when young, did eager'y frequent
Jamie and His, and heard great argument
Of Grip, and Stance, and Swing; but evermore
Found at the Exit but a Dollar spent.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand sought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd:
"You hold it in this Way, and you swing it So."

The swinging Brassie strikes; and, having struck,
Moves on; nor all your Wit or future Luck
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Stroke,
Nor from the Card a single Seven pluck.

No hope by Club or Ball to win the Prize;
The batter'd, blacken'd Remade sweetly flies,
Swept cleanly from the Tee; this is the truth:
Nine-tenths is Skill, and all the rest is Lies.

And that inverted Ball they call the High,
By which the Duffer thinks to live or die,
Lift not your hands to It for help, for it
As impotently froths as you or I.

The Wife

Yon rising Moon that leads us home again,
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising, wait for us
At this same Turning—and for *One* in vain.

And when, like her, my Golfer, I have been
And am no more above the pleasant Green,
And you in your mild Journey pass the Hole
I made in *One*—ah, pay my Forfeit then!
H. W. BOYNTON.

THE WIFE

HER washing ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And passed the long, long night away
In darning ragged hose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed about the kitchen grate
And went to baking pies.
PHŒBE CARY.

Winter Dusk

WINTER DUSK

THE prospect is bare and white,
And the air is crisp and chill;
While the ebon wings of night
Are spread on the distant hill.

The roar of the stormy sea
Seem the dirges shrill and sharp
That winter plays on the tree —
His wild Æolian harp.

In the pool that darkly creeps
In ripples before the gale,
A star like a lily sleeps
And wiggles its silver tail.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

To Let

TO LET

A VACANT heart to let; inquire for the key
Of Master Cupid, just across the way.
Terms easy to the tenant who 'll agree
To sign a lease forever and a day.

A cozy dwelling in a pleasant street,
And just adjacent to Old Courtship road;
A bit old-fashioned, but with furnace heat—
Where love may find a very snug abode.

The agent, Cupid, will be glad to show
The premises to any maid or miss;
He 'll make the price ridiculously low,
And asks as his commission but a kiss.

Coy maiden, come! and in this bargain share;
The offer 's tempting, by your own confession;
You 'll find the place in excellent repair—
Accept the terms and enter in possession.

SAM T. CLOVER.

ONE OF THE PALLS

I WERE a pall at the buryin',
Joe's finally out o' the way,
Nothin' 'special ailin' o' him,
Just ol' age and ginr'l decay.
Hope to the Lord 'at I'll never be
Ol' an' decrepit an' useless as he.
Cuss to his family the last five year—
Monstrous expensive with keep so dear—
'Sides all the fuss an' worryin'.
Terrible trial to get so old;
Cur'us a man 'll continue to hold
On to life, when it's easy to see
His chances for livin', tho' dreffully slim,
Are better 'n his family are lottin' for him.
Joe 'us 'at kind o' a hanger-on,
Had n't no sense o' the time to quit;
Stinted descreeshun an' stall-fed grit
Helped him unbuckle many a cinch
Whar sensible men 'ud a died in a pinch.
Kind o' tickled to have him gone;

One of the Palls

Bested for once and laid away,
Got him down whar he boun' to stay;
I were a pall to his burryin'.

Knowed him for more 'n sixty year back—
Used to be sunm'at older 'an him—
Fought him one night to a huskin' bee,
Licked him in manner uncommon complete;
Every one said 't 'us a beautiful fight,
Joe he wan't satisfied with it that way,
Kep' dingin' along an' w'en he got through
The wust lookin' critter 'at ever you see
Were stretched on a bed rigged up in the hay—
They carted me home the follerin' day.
Got me a sweetheart, purty an' trim,
Tole me 'at I 's a heap lik'ler 'n Joe;
Mittened him twict, Joe kep' on the track,
Follered her round ary place she 'ud go;
Offered to lick him; says she, "It 's a treat,
Le 's watch an' fin' out what the poor critter 'll do?"
Watched him, believin' the thing 'us all right—
That identical gal is Joe's widder to-night.
Run to be jestice, then Joe, he run, too;

A Rule of Three

Knowed I 'us pop'lar, an' he had n't a friend,
So thar wan't no use o' my hurryin'.
The 'lection come off, we counted the votes,
I had n't enough; Joe had 'em to lend.
Now, all the way through I been takin' notes
O' his disagreeable way,
An' it tickles me now to be able to say
He 's bested fer good in the end;
Got him down whar he boun' to stay,
I were a pall at his burryin'.

DOANE ROBINSON.

A RULE OF THREE

THERE is a rule to drink,
I think,
A rule of three
That you 'll agree
With me
Cannot be beat
And tends our lives to sweeten :
Drink ere you eat,
And while you eat,
And after you have eaten !

WALLACE RICE.

The Fighting Race

THE FIGHTING RACE

“**R**EAD out the names!” and Burke sat back,
 And Kelly drooped his head,

While Shea — they call him Scholar Jack —
 Went down the list of the dead.

Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,

The crews of the gig and yawl,

The bearded man and the lad in his teens,

Carpenters, coal-passers—all.

Then knocking the ashes from out his pipe,

Said Burke, in an off-hand way,

“We ’re all in that dead man’s list, by Cripe!

Kelly and Burke and Shea.”

“Well, here ’s to the Maine, and I ’m sorry for
 Spain!”

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

“Wherever there ’s Kellys there ’s trouble,” said
 Burke.

“Wherever fighting ’s the game,

Or a spice of danger in grown man’s work,”

Said Kelly, “you ’ll find my name.”

The Fighting Race

“And do we fall short,” said Burke, getting mad,

“When it ’s touch and go for life?”

Said Shea, “It ’s thirty-odd years, be dad,

Since I charged to drum and fife

Up Marye’s Heights, and my old canteen

Stopped a Rebel ball on its way.

There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of
green —

Kelly and Burke and Shea —

And the dead did n’t brag.” “Well, here ’s to the
flag!”

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

“I wish ’t was in Ireland, for there ’s the place.”

Said Burke, “that we ’d die by right,

In the cradle of our soldier race,

After one good stand-up fight.

My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,

And fighting was not his trade;

But his rusty pike ’s in the cabin still,

With Hessian blood on the blade.”

“Aye, aye,” said Kelly, “the pikes were great

When the word was ‘Clear the way!’

The Fighting Race

We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight —

Kelly and Burke and Shea.”

“Well, here ’s to the pike and the sword and the
like!”

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,

Said “We were at Ramillies.

We left our bones at Fontenoy,

And up in the Pyrenees,

Before Dunkirk, on Landen’s plain,

Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,

We ’re all over Austria, France, and Spain,

Wherever they pitched a tent.

We ’ve died for England from Waterloo

To Egypt and Dargai;

And still there ’s enough for a corps or crew,

Kelly and Burke and Shea.”

“Well, here is to good honest fighting blood!”

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

“Oh, the fighting races don’t die out,

If they seldom die in bed,

Constancy

For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke. Then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch tree deep that day,
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here 's thank God for the race and the
sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

CONSTANCY

"YOU gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?"
"Oh, that was yesterday, Saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!"

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The Pessimist

THE PESSIMIST

NOTHING to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 't is gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,

What Hiawatha Probably Did

Nothing to have but what we 've got
Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait ;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

BEN KING.

WHAT HIAWATHA PROBABLY DID

HE slew the noble Mudjekeewis,
With his skin he made him mittens;
Made them with the fur-side inside,
Made them with the skin-side outside;
He, to keep the warm side inside,
Put the cold side, skin-side, outside;
He, to keep the cold side outside,
Put the warm side, fur-side, inside:—
That 's why he put the cold side outside,
Why he put the warm side inside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

ANONYMOUS.

The Poster-Girl

THE POSTER-GIRL

THE blessed Poster-girl leaned out
From a pinky-purple heaven;
One eye was red and one was green;
Her bang was cut uneven;
She had three fingers on her hand,
And the hairs on her head were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No sunflowers did adorn;
But a heavy Turkish portière
Was very neatly worn;
And the hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like canned corn.

It was a kind of wobbly wave
That she was standing on,
And high aloft she flung a scarf
That must have weighed a ton;
And she was rather tall — at least
She reached up to the sun.

Woman's Will

She curved and writhed, and then she said,
Less green of speech than blue:
“Perhaps I *am* absurd — perhaps
I *don't* appeal to you;
But my artistic worth depends
Upon the point of view.”

I saw her smile, although her eyes
Were only smudgy smears;
And then she swished her swirling arms,
And wagged her gorgeous ears,
She sobbed a blue-and-green-checked sob,
And wept some purple tears.

CAROLYN WELLS.

WOMAN'S WILL

MEN, dying, make their wills, but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

FUIT ILIUM

WERE you nurtured in the purple?
Were you reared a pampered pet?
Did a menial throng encircle
You in waiting while you ate?
When a baby, had you lockets,
Silver cups, and forks, and spoons?
Were there coins in the pockets
Of your childhood's pantaloons?
Did hereditary shekels
Make your sweethearts deem you fair?
Reconcile them to your freckles,
And your carrot-colored hair?
In electrifying raiment,
Were you every day attired?
Was the promptness of your payment
Universally admired?
Did your father, too confiding,
Sign the paper of his friends?
Did his railway stock, subsiding,
Cease to pay him dividends?

Fuit Ilium

Are his buildings slow in renting?
Did his banker pilfer, slope,
And absconding, leave lamenting,
Creditors to live on hope?

* * * * *

Ere you dissipate a quarter,
Do you scrutinize it twice?
Have you ceased to look on water-
Drinking as a nauseous vice?
Do you wear your brother's breeches,
Though the buttons scarcely meet?
Does the vanity of riches
Form no part of your conceit?

I am with you, fellow pauper!
Let us share our scanty crust —
Burst the bonds of fiscal torpor —
Go where beer is sold on trust!
Let us, freed from *res angustæ*,
Seek some fair Utopian mead,
Where the throat is never dusty,
And tobacco grows, a weed.

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN.

“My Angeline”

“MY ANGELINE”

SHE kept her secret well, oh yes;
Her hideous secret well.
We together were cast, I knew not her past;
For how was I to tell?
I married her, guileless lamb I was;
I'd have died for her sweet sake.
How could I have known that my Angeline
Had been a Human Snake?
Ah, we had been wed but a week or two
When I found her quite a wreck;
Her limbs were tied in a double bow-knot
At the back of her swan-like neck.
No curse there sprang to my pallid lips.
Nor did I reproach her then;
I calmly untied my bonny bride,
And straightened her out again.

REFRAIN

My Angeline! My Angeline!
Why didst disturb my mind serene?
My well-beloved circus queen,
My Human Snake, my Angeline!

"My Angeline"

At night I 'd wake at the midnight hour,
With a weird and haunted feeling,
And there she 'd be, in her robe de nuit,
A-walking upon the ceiling.
She said she was being "the human fly,"
And she 'd lift me up from beneath
By a section slight of my garb of night,
Which she held in her pearly teeth.
For the sweet, sweet sake of the Human Snake
I 'd have stood this conduct shady,
But she skipped in the end with an old, old friend,
An eminent bearded lady.
But oh, at night, when my slumber 's light,
Regret comes o'er me stealing;
For I miss the sound of those little feet
As they pattered along the ceiling.

REFRAIN

My Angeline! My Angeline!
Why didst disturb my mind serene?
My well-beloved circus queen,
My Human Snake, my Angeline!

HARRY B. SMITH.

A Hoodlum's Love Sonnet

A HOODLUM'S LOVE SONNET

SAY, will she treat me white or throw me down,
Give me the glassy stare, or welcome hand,
Shovel me dirt, or treat me on the grand,
Knife me, or make me think I own the town?
Will she be on the level, do me brown,
Or will she jolt me lightly on the sand,
Leaving poor Willie froze to beat the band,
Limp as your grandma's Mother Hubbard gown?

I do not know, nor do I give a whoop,
But this I know; if she is so inclined
She can come play with me on our back stoop,
Even in office hours, I do not mind —
In fact, I know I'm nice and good and ready
To get an option on her as my steady.

WALLACE IRWIN.

The Deacon's Masterpiece

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE; OR, THE
WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

A LOGICAL STORY

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The Deacon's Masterpiece

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown;
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,

The Deacon's Masterpiece

That could n't be split nor bent nor broke—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's Ellum,"—
Last of its timber—they could n't sell 'em,
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin, too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "Naow she'll
dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!

The Deacon's Masterpiece

Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon Earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten—
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
 Running as usual; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it—you're welcome—no extra charge.)

The Deacon's Masterpiece

FIRST OF NOVEMBER — the Earthquake-day —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say;
There could n't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels were just as strong as the floor,
And the whiffletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt,
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
“Huddup!” said the parson—off went they.

The Deacon's Masterpiece

The parson was working his Sunday's text—
Had got to *fiftbly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !
—What do you think the parson found;
When he got up and stared around ?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground !

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A CABLE-CAR PREACHER

I

“’T IS strange how thoughtless people are,”
A man said in a cable-car,
“How careless and how thoughtless,” said
The Loud Man in the cable-car;
And then the Man with One Lame Leg
Said softly, “Pardon me, I beg,
For your valise is on my knee;
It’s sore,” said he of One Lame Leg,

II

A woman then came in with twins
And stumbled o’er the Loud Man’s shins;
And she was tired half to death,
This Woman Who Came in with Twins;
And then the Man with One Lame Leg
Said, “Madam, take my seat, I beg.”
She sat, with her vociferant Twins,
And thanked the man of One Lame Leg.

A Cable-Car Preacher

III

“’T is strange how selfish people are,
They carry boorishness so far;
How selfish, careless, thoughtless,” said
The Loud Man of the cable-car.
A Man then with the Lung Complaint
Grew dizzy and began to faint;
He reeled and swayed from side to side,
This poor Man with the Lung Complaint.

IV

The Woman Who Came in with Twins
Said, “You can hardly keep your pins;
Pray, take my seat.” He sat, and thanked
The Woman Who Came in with Twins.
The Loud Man once again began
To curse the selfishness of man;
Our lack of manners he bewailed
With vigor, did this Loud, Loud Man.

A Cable-Car Preacher

V

But still the Loud Man kept his seat;
A Blind Man stumbled o'er his feet;
The Loud Man preached on selfishness,
And preached, and preached, and kept his seat.
The poor Man with the Lung Complaint
Stood up — a brave, heroic saint —
And to the Blind Man, "Take my seat,"
Said he who had the Lung Complaint.

VI

The Loud Man preached on selfish sins;
The Woman Who Came in with Twins;
The poor Man with the Lung Complaint,
Stood, while he preached on selfish sins.
And still the Man with One Lame Leg
Stood there on his imperfect peg
And heard the screed on selfish sins —
This patient Man with One Lame Leg.

The Tutor

VII

The Loud Man of the cable-car
Sat still and preached and traveled far;
The Blind Man spake no word unto
The Loud Man of the cable-car.
The Lame-Legged Man looked reconciled,
And she with Twins her grief beguiled,
The poor Man with the Lung Complaint —
All stood, and sweetly, sadly smiled.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

THE TUTOR

A TUTOR who tooted the flute
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot
Said the two to the tutor,
“Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tooters to toot?”

CAROLYN WELLS.

Hoch! Der Kaiser

HOCH! DER KAISER

DER Kaiser of dis Faterland
Und Gott on high all dings command,
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?
Myself—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine,
Mine soldiers sing “Der Wacht am Rhine,”
Und drink der health in Rhenish wine
Of Me—und Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt;
She's ausgespielt, of no account,
To much we think she don't amount;
Myself—und Gott.

She vill not dare to fight again,
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott!

Hoch! Der Kaiser

Dere 's grandma dinks she 's nicht small beer,
Mit Boers und such she interfere;
She 'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott!

She dinks, good frau, fine ships she 's got
Und soldiers mit der scarlet goat.
Ach! We could knock them! Pouf! Like dot,
Myself—mit Gott!

In dimes of peace, brebare for wars,
I bear the spear and helm of Mars,
Und care not for a thousand Czars,
Myself—mit Gott!

In fact, I humor efery whim,
With aspect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit Me, and I mit him,
Myself—und Gott!

RODNEY BLAKE.

A MORAL IN SÈVRES

UPON my mantelpiece they stand,
While all its length between them lies;
He throws a kiss with graceful hand,
She glances back with bashful eyes.

The china Shepherdess is fair,
The Shepherd's face denotes a heart
Burning with ardor and despair:
Alas, they stand so far apart!

And yet, perhaps, if they were moved,
And stood together day by day,
Their love had not so constant proved,
Nor would they still have smiled so gay.

His hand the Shepherd might have kissed
The match-box Angel's heart to win;
The Shepherdess, his love have missed,
And flirted with the Mandarin.

Toad

But on my mantelpiece they stand,
While all its length between them lies;
He throws a kiss with graceful hand,
She glances back with bashful eyes.
MILDRED HOWELLS.

TOAD

I 'M just about the color of mud, —
I 've a bobby mug and a knobby back;
I bundle away, I thumble and thud,
I lack the knack of walking a crack.

I sit and think at the chink of my hole —
Nothing like flies for a plump, buff belly —
I rather reckon I have n't any soul,
Though I 'm not altogether pebbles and jelly.

As soon as the roses I smell the rain,
I wink one eye when two would n't do;
I pad my ribs, and I don't complain,
I 'm toad, but no toady — how about you?
JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

"Soldier, Rest!"

"SOLDIER, REST!"*

A RUSSIAN sailed over the blue Black Sea
Just when the war was growing hot,
And he shouted, "I'm Tjalikavakeree —
Karindabrolikanavandorot —
Schipkadirova —
Ivandiszstova —
Sanilik —
Danilik —
Varagobhot!"

A Turk was standing upon the shore
Right where the terrible Russian crossed;
And he cried, "Bismillah! I'm Abd el Kor —
Bazaroukilgonautoskobrosk —
Getzinpravadi —
Kilgekosladji —
Grivido —
Blivido —
Jenikodosk!"

* From "Smiles Yoked with Sighs." Copyrighted by Robert J. Burdette, and published by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.



ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Good and Bad Luck

So they stood like brave men, long and well,
 And they called each other their proper names,
 Till the lockjaw seized them, and where they fell
 They buried them both by the Irdosholames —
 Kalatalustchuk —
 Mischaribustchup —
 Bulgari —
 Dulgari —
 Sagharimainz.

ROBERT BURDETTE.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK

GOOD LUCK is the gayest of all gay girls;
 Long in one place she will not stay:
 Back from your brow she strokes the curls,
 Kisses you quick and flies away.

But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes
 And stays — no fancy has she for flitting;
 Snatches of true-love songs she hums,
 And sits by your bed, and brings her knitting.

JOHN HAY.

Vive la Bagatelle

VIVE LA BAGATELLE

SING a song of foolishness, laughing stocks and
cranks !

The more there are the merrier; come join the ranks!
Life is dry and stupid; whoop her up a bit !
Donkeys live in clover; bray and throw a fit !

Take yourself in earnest, never stop to think,
Strut and swagger boldly, dress in red and pink;
Prate of stuff and nonsense, get yourself abused;
Some one's got to play the fool to keep the crowd
amused !

Bully for the idiot! Bully for the guy!
You could be a prig yourself, if you would only try!
Altruistic asses keep the fun alive;
Clowns are growing scarcer; hurry and arrive!

I seen a crazy critic a-writin' of a screed;
"Tendencies" and "Unities" — Maeterlinck in-
deed !

A Perplexing Question

He wore a paper collar, and his tie was up behind;
If that 's the test of Culture, then I 'm glad I 'm
not refined!

Let me laugh at you, then you can laugh at me;
Then we 'll josh together everything we see;
Every one 's a nincompoop to another's view;
Laughter makes the sun shine! Roop-de-doodle-doo!
GELETT BURGESS.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION

OF that rich draught which Egypt's Queen
Quaffed smilingly, we often hear;
Yet there 's a doubt within my mind
Which nothing that is writ makes clear.

Perhaps one gleam of prudence lurked
'Neath mad excess in pleasure's whirl,
'T was homage to a Roman lover,
Was it a Roman pearl?

BEATRICE HANSCOM.

Talk

TALK

IT seems to me that talk should be,
Like water, sprinkled sparingly;
Then ground that late lay dull and dried
Smiles up at you revived,
And flowers — of speech — touched by the dew
Put forth fresh root and bud anew.
But I'm not sure that any flower
Would thrive beneath Niagara's shower!
So when a friend turns full on me
His verbal hose, may I not flee?
I know that I am arid ground,
But I'm not watered — Gad! I'm drowned!

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

(John Paul.)

The Persevering Tortoise and the Pretentious Hare

THE PERSEVERING TORTOISE AND
THE PRETENTIOUS HARE

ONCE a turtle, finding plenty
In seclusion to bewitch,
Lived a *dolce far niente*
Kind of life within a ditch;
Rivers had no charm for him,
As he told his wife and daughter,
“Though my friends are in the swim,
Mud is thicker far than water.”

One fine day, as was his habit,
He was dozing in the sun,
When a young and flippant rabbit
Happened to the ditch to run:
“Come and race me,” he exclaimed,
“Fat inhabitant of puddles!
Sluggard! You should be ashamed;
Such a life the brain befuddles.”

The Persevering Tortoise and the Pretentious Hare

This, of course, was banter merely,
But it stirred the torpid blood
Of the turtle, and severely
Forth he issued from the mud.
“Done!” he cried. The race began,
But the hare resumed his banter,
Seeing how his rival ran
In a most unlovely canter.

Shouting “Terrapin, you ’re bested !
You ’d be wiser, dear old chap,
If you sat you down and rested
When you reach the second lap.”
Quoth the turtle, “I refuse.
As for you, with all your talking,
Sit on any lap you choose.
I shall simply go on walking.”

Now, this sporting proposition
Was, upon its face, absurd;
Yet the hare, with expedition,
Took the tortoise at his word,

The Persevering Tortoise and the Pretentious Hare

Ran until the final lap,
Then, supposing he 'd outclassed him,
Laid him down and took a nap,
And the patient turtle passed him !

Plodding on, he shortly made the
Line that marked the victor's goal;
Paused, and found he 'd won, and laid the
Flattering unction to his soul.
Then in fashion grandiose,
Like an after-dinner speaker,
Touched his flipper to his nose,
And remarked "Ahem ! Eureka !"

And the Moral (lest you miss one)
Is: There 's often time to spare,
And that races are (like this one)
Won not always by a hair.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

A Spring Feeling

A SPRING FEELING!

I THINK it must be spring. I feel
All broken up and thawed.
I'm sick of everybody's "wheel";
I'm sick of being jawed.

I am too winter-killed to live,
Cold-sour through and through
O Heavenly Barber, come and give
My soul a dry shampoo!

I'm sick of all these nincompoops,
Who weep through yards of verse,
And all these sonneteering dupes
Who whine and froth and curse.

I'm sick of seeing my own name
Tagged to some paltry line,
While this old corpus without shame
Sits down to meat and wine.

A Spring Feeling

I 'm sick of all these yellow books,
And all these Bodley Heads;
I 'm sick of all these freaks and spooks,
And frights in double leads.

When good Napoleon's publisher
Was dangled from a limb,
He should have had an editor
On either side of him.

I 'm sick of all this taking on
Under a foreign name;
For when you call it *decadent*,
It 's rotten just the same.

I 'm sick of all this puling trash
And namby-pamby rot—
A Pegasus you have to thrash
To make him even trot !

An age-end art ! I would not give
For all their plotless plays,
One round Flagstaffian adjective
Or one Miltonic phrase.

A Spring Feeling

I 'm sick of all this popycock,
In bilious green and blue;
I 'm tired to death of taking stock
Of everything that 's "New."

New art, new movements, and new schools,
All maimed and blind and halt!
And all the fads of the new fools
Who cannot earn their salt.

I 'm sick of the New Woman, too.
Good Lord, she 's worst of all.
Her rights, her sphere, her point of view,
And all that folderol!

She makes me wish I were the snake
Inside of Eden's wall,
To give the tree another shake,
And see another fall.

I 'm very much of Byron's mind;
I like sufficiency;
But just the common garden kind
Is good enough for me.

Lays that Please

I want to find a warm beech wood,
And lie down and keep still;
And swear a little, and feel good;
Then loaf up on the hill.

And let the spring house-clean my brain,
Where all this stuff is crammed;
And let my heart grow sweet again;
And let the Age be damned.

BLISS CARMAN.

LAYS THAT PLEASE

IN other days the poet's lays
Were objects of unstinted praise;
To-day, you know, the lays that please
Are those that grow in henneries.

RAY CLARKE ROSE

Barney McGee

BARNEY MCGEE

BARNEY MCGEE, there 's no end of good luck
in you,

Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you,
Wild as a bull-pup, and all of his pluck in you—

Let a man tread on your coat and he 'll see !

Eyes like the lakes of Killarney for clarity,

Nose that turns up without any vulgarity,

Smile like a cherub, and hair that is caroty—

Whoop, you 're a rarity, Barney McGee !

Mellow as Tarragon,

Prouder than Aragon—

Hardly a paragon,

You will agree—

Here 's all that 's fine to you !

Books and old wine to you !

Girls be divine to you,

Barney McGee !

Lucky the day when I met you unwittingly,

Dining where vagabonds came and went flittingly.

Barney McGee

Here 's some *Barbera* to drink it befittingly,
That day at Silvio's, Barney McGee !
Many 's the time we have quaffed our Chianti there,
Listened to Silvio quoting us Dante there—
Once more to drink Nebiolo spumante there,
How we 'd pitch Pommery into the sea !
There where the gang of us
Met ere Rome rang of us,
They had the hang of us
To a degree.
How they would trust to you !
That was but just to you.
Here 's o'er their dust to you,
Barney McGee !

Barney McGee, when you 're sober you scintillate,
But when you 're in drink you 're the pride of the
intellect ;

Divil a one of us ever came in till late,
Once at the bar where you happened to be—
Every eye there like a spoke in you centering,
You with your eloquence, blarney, and bantering—
All Vagabondia shouts at your entering,

Barney McGee

King of the Tenderloin, Barney McGee !

There 's no satiety

In your society

With the variety

Of your esprit.

Here 's a long purse to you,

And a great thirst to you !

Fate be no worse to you,

Barney McGee !

Och, and the girls whose poor hearts you deracinate,

Whirl and bewilder and flutter and fascinate !

Faith, it 's so killing you are, you assassinate—

Murder 's the word for you, Barney McGee !

Bold when they 're sunny, and smooth when they 're
showery—

Oh, but the style of you, fluent and flowery !

Chesterfield's way, with a touch of the Bowery !

How would they silence you, Barney machree ?

Naught can your gab allay,

Learned as Rabelais

(You in his abbey lay

Once on the spree).

Barney McGee

Here 's to the smile of you,
(Oh, but the guile of you !)
And a long while of you,
Barney McGee!

Facile with phrases of length and Latinity,
Like honorificabilitudinity,
Where is the maid could resist your vicinity,
Wiled by the impudent grace of your plea?
Then your vivacity and pertinacity
Carry the day with the devil's audacity;
No mere veracity robs your sagacity
Of perspicacity, Barney McGee.
When all is new to them,
What will you do to them?
Will you be true to them?
Who shall decree?
Here 's a fair strife to you!
Health and long life to you!
And a great wife to you, Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, you 're the pick of gentility;
Nothing can phase you, you 've such a facility;

Barney McGee

Nobody ever yet found your utility—
There is the charm of you, Barney McGee;
Under conditions that others would stammer in,
Still unperturbed as a cat or a Cameron,
Polished as somebody in the Decameron,
Putting the glamour on price or Pawnee.
In your meanderin',
Love and philanderin',
Calm as a mandarin
Sipping his tea !
Under the art of you,
Parcel and part of you,
Here 's to the heart of you,
Barney McGee !

You who were ever alert to befriend a man,
You who were ever the first to defend a man,
You who had always the money to lend a man,
Down on his luck and hard up for a V!
Sure, you 'll be playing a harp in beatitude
(And a quare sight you will be in that attitude)—
Some day, where gratitude seems but a platitude,
You 'll find your latitude, Barney McGee.

The Butter Betty Bought

That 's no flim-flam at all,
Frivol or sham at all,
Just the plain—Damn it all,
Have one with me !
Here 's one and more to you !
Friends by the score to you,
True to the core to you,
Barney McGee ! RICHARD HOVEY.

THE BUTTER BETTY BOUGHT

BETTY BOTTA bought some butter;
“But,” said she, “this butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter
It will make my batter bitter;
But a bit o' better butter
Will but make my batter better.”
Then she bought a bit o' butter
Better than the bitter butter,
Made her bitter batter better;
So 't was better Betty Botta
Bought a bit o' better butter.

CAROLYN WELLS.

How I Spoke the Word

HOW I SPOKE THE WORD*

THE snow come down in sheets of white
An' made the pine-trees shiver;
'Peared like the world had said good night
An' crawled beneath the kiver.

The river's shiny trail wuz gone,
The winds sung out a warnin';
The mountains put their nightcaps on
An' said, "Good by till mornin'!"

'T wuz jest the night in fiel' an' wood
When cabin homes look cozy,
An' fine oak fires feel mighty good,
An' women's cheeks look rosy.

An' that remin's me. We wuz four,
A-settin' by the fire;
But still it 'peared ten mile or more
Betwixt me an' Maria!

* From "Comes One with a Song." Copyright, 1903. Used by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

How I Spoke the Word

The old man — he wuz readin', at
 The middle, nigh the mother;
 An' from two corners, 'crost the cat,
 We jest *looked* at each other.

An' though Maria said no word,
 Each bright eye, like a rover,
 Kep' talkin', till I sorter heard:
 "Speak, John, an' have it over!"

An' then I speaks! I give a cough,
 (The way we all begin it!)
 Then reeled the English langwidge off
 At 'bout a mile a minute!

"I've got some feelin's to express,"
 I said, "about Maria!"
 (The old man eyed me, then said: "Yes;
 She's most too nigh the fire!")

"I don't mean fire," I floundered on
 (He shet the dog-eared pages),
 "I thought I'd ax—" He stopped me: "John,
 You want a raise in wages?"

How I Spoke the Word

“No, sir!” (I caught that eye of his,
An’ then I fit an’ floundered!)
“The thing I want to tell you is —”
Says he: “The old mare’s foundered?”

“No, sir! it ain’t about no hoss!”
(My throat begin to rattle!)
“I see,” he said, “another loss
In them fine Jersey cattle.”

An’ then I lost my patience! Then
I hollered high and higher
(You could ’a heard me down the glen):
“*No, sir! I want Maria!*”

“An’ now,” says I, “the shaft’ll strike:
He’ll let that statement stay so!”
He looked at me, astonished-like,
Then yelled: “*Why did n’t you say so?*”

FRANK L. STANTON.

The Prayer of Cyrus Brown

THE PRAYER OF CYRUS BROWN

“THE proper way for a man to pray,”
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,

“And the only proper attitude
Is down upon his knees.”

“No, I should say the way to pray,”
Said Rev. Dr. Wise,

“Is standing straight, with outstretched arms,
And rapt and upturned eyes.”

“Oh, no; no, no,” said Elder Slow,
“Such posture is too proud;
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed.”

“It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,”
Said Rev. Dr. Blunt.

“Las’ year I fell in Hodgkin’s well
Head first,” said Cyrus Brown,

Simple English

“With both my heels a-stickin’ up,
My head a-pinting down.

“An’ I made a prayer right then an’ there —
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head.”

SAM WALTER FOSS.

SIMPLE ENGLISH

OFTTIMES when I put on my gloves,
I wonder if I ’m sane.
For when I put the right one on,
The right seems to remain
To be put on—that is, ’t is left;
Yet if the left I don,
The other one is left, and then
I have the right one on.
But still I have the left on right;
The right one, though, is left
To go right on the left right hand
All right, if I am deft.

RAY CLARKE ROSE.

Der Oak und der Vine

DER OAK UND DER VINE

I DON'D vas preaching voman's righdts,
 Or anyding like dot,
 Und I likes to see all beoples
 Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
 Budt I wants to gondradict dot shap
 Dot made dis leedle shoke:
 "A voman vas der glinging vine,
 Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue;
 Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
 I find me oudt dot man himself
 Vas peen der glinging vine;
 Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
 Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
 Dot 's ven der voman shteps righdt in,
 Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
 Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"

Der Oak und der Vine

All planted roundt ubon der seats—
Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes !
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines;
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine friendts,
Und vhid der glinging vines ?

Vhen sickness in der householdt comes,
Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
Dhose veary nighdts und days ?
Who beace und gomfort always prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow ?
More like id vas der tender vine
Dot oak he glings to, now.

“ Man vants budt leedle here below,”
Der boet von time said;
Dhere 's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant,
I dink id means, inshted;
Und ven der years keep rolling on,
Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
Und, also, do der glinging.

A Fair Maid of Perth

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
Und don'd so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
To helb run Life's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy veddher,
'T was beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
Should always gling togeddher.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

A FAIR MAID OF PERTH

THERE was also A Fair Maid of Perth,
Who had eaten sweet stuff from her birth,
Till one day she said: "Gee!
I must let such things be,
For I fear the effect on my girth."

BERT LESTON TAYLOR.

The Courtin'

THE COURTIN'

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The Courtin'

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's-arm that Gran'ther Young
 Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur;
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clear grit an' human natur';
 None could n't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 He 'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
 All is, he could n't love 'em.

The Courtin'

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she 'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upun it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

The Courtin'

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle;
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'—"
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t' other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

The Courtin'

Says he, "I 'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Hoodlum's Love Sonnet

A HOODLUM'S LOVE SONNET

O MOMMER! was n't Mame a looty toot
Last night when at the Rainbow Social Club
She did the bunny hug with every scrub
From Hogan's Alley to the Dutchman's Boot,
While little Willie, like a plug-eared mute,
Papered the wall and helped absorb the grub,
Played nest-egg with the benches like a dub
When hot society was easy fruit!

Am I a turnip? On the strict Q. T.,
Why do my 'Trilbys get so ossified?
Why am I minus when it's up to me
To brace my Paris Pansy for a glide?
Once more my hoodoo's thrown the game and scored
A flock of zeros on my tally-board.

WALLACE IRWIN.

Had a Set of Double Teeth

HAD A SET OF DOUBLE TEETH

OH, listen while I tell you a truthful little tale
Of a man whose teeth were double all the solid
way around;
He could jest as slick as preachin' bite in two a shingle-
nail,
Or squonch a molded bullet, sah, and ev'ry tooth
was sound.

I've seen him lift a kag of pork, a-bitin' on the chine,
And he'd clench a rope and hang there like a puppy
to a root;
And a feller he could pull and twitch and yank up on
the line,
But he could n't do no business with that double-
toothed galoot.

He was luggin' up some shingles,—bunch, sah,
underneath each arm,—
The time that he was shinglin' of the Baptist
meetin'-house;

Had a Set of Double Teeth

The ladder cracked and buckled, but he did n't think
no harm,

When all at once she busted, and he started down
kersouse.

His head, sah, when she busted, it was jest abreast
the eaves;

And he nipped, sah, quicker 'n lightnin', and he
gripped there with his teeth,

And he never dropped the shingles, but he hung
to both the sheaves,

Though the solid ground was suddenly more 'n thirty
feet beneath.

He held there and he kicked there and he squirmed,
but no one come;

He was workin' on the roof alone — there war n't
no folks around —

He hung like death to niggers till his jaw was set
and numb,

And he reely thought he'd have to drop them
shingles on the ground.

Had a Set of Double Teeth

But all at once old Skillins come a-toddlin' down
the street;

Old Skil is sort of hump-backed, and he allus looks
straight down;

So he never seed the motions of them number 'leven
feet,

And he went a-amblin' by him — the goramded
blind old clown!

Now this ere part is truthful — ain't a-stretchin' it
a mite,—

When the feller seed that Skillins was a-walkin'
past the place,

Let go his teeth and hollered, but he grabbed back
quick and tight,

'Fore he had a chance to tumble, and he hung
there by the face.

And he never dropped the shingles, and he never
missed his grip,

And he stepped out on the ladder when they raised
it underneath;

An Interview

And up he went a-flukin' with them shingles on
his hip,
And there's the satisfaction of a havin' double
teeth.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

AN INTERVIEW

I SAT with Chill December
Before the evening fire.
“And what do you remember,”
I ventured to inquire,
“Of seasons long forsaken?”
He answered in amaze,
“My age you have mistaken:
I've lived but thirty days.”

JOHN BANNISTER TABB.

THE OWL-CRITIC

“WHO stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke
in the shop,
The barber was busy, and he could ’nt stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The “Daily,” the “Herald,” the “Post,” little
heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt ques-
tion;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don’t you see, Mr. Brown,”
Cried the youth, with a frown,
“How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the
neck is —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’t is!
I make no apology;
I’ve learned owl-cology.

The Owl-Critic

I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
And other night-fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true;
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.

The Owl-Critic

Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mr. Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *bim* don't half know his business!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.

The Owl-Critic

Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there 's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning 's at fault *this* time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you 're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

A Kiss in the Rain

A KISS IN THE RAIN

ONE stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her, as she tripped along,
Till madness filled my brain,
And then — and then — I knew 't was wrong —
I kissed her in the rain.

With raindrops shining on her cheek,
Like dewdrops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak,
My boldness to oppose;
She strove in vain, and, quivering,
Her finger stole in mine;
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below;

He and She

'T is always summer when we love,
However winds may blow;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain;
She says I am her rain-beau since
I kissed her in the rain.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

HE AND SHE

WHEN I am dead you 'll find it hard,
Said he,
To ever find another man
Like me.

What makes you think, as I suppose
You do,
I'd ever want another man
Like you?

EUGENE FITCH WARE.

A Nautical Ballad

A NAUTICAL BALLAD

A CAPITAL ship for an ocean trip,
Was the "Walloping-Window blind";
No gale that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was taught to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow,
And it often appeared, when the weather had
cleared,
That he 'd been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too;
And he played hop-sotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain tickled the crew.
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after-rail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
In the teeth of the blooming gale.

The captain sat in a commodore's hat
And dined in a royal way,

A Nautical Ballad

On toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gummery bread each day.
But the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such;
For the diet he gave the crew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns
Prepared with sugar and glue.

All nautical pride we had laid aside,
And we cast the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpoo smiles,
And the Rumbletumbunders roar;
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee;
And the cinnamon-bats wore water-proof hats
As they danced in the sounding sea.

On rubgub bark, from dawn to dark,
We fed, till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk — when a Chinese junk
Came by from the torriby zone.
She was stubby and square, but we did n't much care,
And we cheerily put to sea;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
The bark of the rubgub tree.

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL.

The Society upon the Stanislaus

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is
Truthful James;

I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about
the row

That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific man to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar
whim,

To lay for that same member for to "put a head"
on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful
to see

Than the first six months' proceedings of that same
society,

Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement
of Jones.

The Society upon the Stanislaus

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed
there,

From those same bones, an animal that was extremely
rare;

And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension
of the rules,

Till he could prove that those same bones was one
of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile and said he
was at fault,

It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family
vault;

He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass — at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order,
when

A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,

The Society upon the Stanislaus

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled
up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no
more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did
engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger
was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head
of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is
Truthful James;
And I've told, in simple language, what I know about
the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

BRET HARTE.

The Corn-Stalk Fiddle

THE CORN-STALK FIDDLE

WHEN the corn's all cut and the bright stalks
shine

Like the burnished spears of a field of gold;
When the field-mice rich on the nubbins dine,
And the frost comes white and the wind blows
cold;

Then it's heigho! fellows, and hi-diddle-diddle,
For the time is ripe for the corn-stalk fiddle.

And you take a stalk that is straight and long,
With an expert eye to its worthy points,
And you think of the bubbling strains of song
That are bound between its pithy joints —
Then you cut out strings, with a bridge in the middle,
With a corn-stalk bow for a corn-stalk fiddle.

Then the strains that grow as you draw the bow
O'er the yielding strings with a practiced hand!
And the music's flow, never loud but low,
Is the concert note of a fairy band.

The Corn-Stalk Fiddle

Oh, your dainty songs are a misty riddle
To the simple sweets of a corn-stalk fiddle.

When the eve comes on, and our work is done,
And the sun drops down with a tender glance,
With their hearts all prime for the harmless fun,
Come the neighbor girls for the evening's dance,
And they wait for the well-known twist and twiddle—
More time than tune — from the corn-stalk fiddle.

Then brother Jabez takes the bow,
While Ned stands off with Susan Bland,
Then Henry stops by Milly Snow,
And John takes Nellie Jones's hand,
While I pair off with Mandy Biddle,
And scrape, scrape, scrape, goes the corn-stalk fiddle.

“Salute your partners,” comes the call,
“All join hands and circle round,”
“Grand train back,” and “Balance all,”
Footsteps lightly spurn the ground.
“Take your lady and balance down the middle”
To the merry strains of the corn-stalk fiddle.

The Window Pain

So the night goes on and the dance is o'er,
And the merry girls are homeward gone,
But I see it all in my sleep once more,
And I dream till the very break of dawn
Of an impish dance on a red-hot griddle
To the screech and scrape of a corn-stalk fiddle.
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE WINDOW PAIN

A THEME SYMBOLIC,
PERTAINING TO THE MELON COLIC

THE Window has Four Little Panes;
But One have I—
The Window Pains are in its Sash;
I wonder why!
GELETT BURGESS.

My Honey, My Love

MY HONEY, MY LOVE

HIT's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well Lane,
My honey, my love!
You may ax Mister Crow, you may ax Mr. Crane,
My honey, my love!
Dey 'll make you a bow, en dey 'll tell you de same,
My honey, my love!
Hit's a mighty fur ways fer ter go in de night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

Mister Mink, he creeps twel he wake up de snipe,
My honey, my love!
Mister Bull-Frog holler, Come alight my pipe!
My honey, my love!
En de Pa'tridge ax, Ain't yo' peas ripe?
My honey, my love!
Better not walk erlong dar much atter night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

My Honey, My Love

De Bully-Bat fly mighty close ter de groun',

My honey, my love!

Mister Fox, he coax 'er, Do come down!

My honey, my love!

Mister Coon, he rack all 'roun' 'en 'roun',

My honey, my love!

In de darkes' night, oh, de nigger, he's a sight!

My honey, my love!

My honey, my love, my heart's delight —

My honey, my love!

Oh, flee, Miss Nancy, flee ter my knee,

My honey, my love!

'Lev'n big, fat coons liv' in one tree,

My honey, my love!

Oh, ladies all, won't you marry me?

My honey, my love!

Tu'n lef', tu'n right, we'll dance all night,

My honey, my love!

My honey, my love, my heart's delight —

My honey, my love!

A Maid of the Mist

De big Owl holler en cry fer his mate,
 My honey, my love!
Oh, don't stay long! Oh, do'nt stay late!
 My honey, my love!
Hit ain't so mighty fur ter de Good-by Gate,
 My honey, my love!
Whar we all got ter go w'en we sing out de night,
 My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight —
 My honey, my love!
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

A MAID OF THE MIST

THERE was likewise A Maid of the Mist,
Who never, as yet, had been kissed.
If you tried to embrace her
She murmured, "Nay, nay, sir!"
And gave you a slap on the wrist.
BERT LESTON TAYLOR.

The Recruit

THE RECRUIT

SEZ Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

“Bedad, yer a bad ’un!

Now turn out yer toes!

Yer belt is unhookit,

Yer cap is on crookit,

Ye may not be dhrunk,

But, be jabers, ye look it!

Wan — two!

Wan — two!

Ye monkey-faced divil, I’ll jolly ye through!

Wan — two!

Time! Mark!

Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!”

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

“A saint it ud sadden

To dhrill such a mug!

Eyes front! ye baboon, ye!

Chin up! ye gossoon, ye!

Ye’ve jaws like a goat —

Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!

The Recruit

Wan — two!

Wan — two!

Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you!

Wan — two!

Time! Mark!

Ye've eyes like a bat! can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

“Yer figger wants padd'n —

Sure, man, ye've no shape!

Behind ye yer shoulders

Stick out like two bowlders;

Yer shins is as thin

As a pair of pen-holders!

Wan — two!

Wan — two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!

Wan — two!

Time! Mark!

I'm dhry as a dog — I can't shpake but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

“Me heart it ud gladden

To blacken yer eye.

The Recruit

Ye 're gettin' too bold, ye
 Compel me to scold ye —
 'Tis halt! that I say —
 Will ye heed what I told ye?
 Wan — two
 Wan — two!
 Be jabers, I 'm dhryer than Brian Boru!
 Wan — two!
 Time! Mark!
 What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the
 lark! "

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

 "I 'll not stay a gadd'n
 Wid dagoes like you!
 I 'll travel no farther,
 I 'm dyin' for — wather;
 Come on, if ye like —
 Can ye loan me a quather?
 Ya-as, you,
 What — two?

Triolet

And ye'll pay the potheen? Ye're a daisy!
 Whurroo!
 You'll do!
 Whist! Mark!
 The Rigiment's flatthered to own ye, me spark!"

ROBERT WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

TRIOLET

" I LOVE you, my lord!"
 Was all that she said—
 What a dissonant chord,
 " I love you, my lord!"
 Ah! how I abhorred
 That sarcastic maid!—
 " I love you? My *Lord!*"
 Was all that she said.

PAUL T. GILBERT.

Little Breeches

LITTLE BREECHES

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets .
And free-will and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong—
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;

Little Breeches

I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie!
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat, but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critter's aid;
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * * *

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr

Little Breeches

Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night;
 We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
 So warm and sleepy and white;
 And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
 As peart as ever you see,
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,
 And that 's what 's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
 He could never have walked in that storm:
 They jest scooped down and toted him
 To whar it was safe and warm.
 And I think that saving a little child,
 And fotching him to his own,
 Is a derved sight better business
 Than loafing around the Throne.

JOHN HAY.

The Darktown Nine

THE DARKTOWN NINE

WASHINGTON JOHNSON LELAND FINE

Were de captin ob de Darktown nine,
An' de Darktown nine, 'twixt yo' an' me,
Were de bestest nine yo' ebber did see.

De principlest game dey had to play
Were with the Giants from Hamtown way,
An' dey wanted to win dat game so bad,
An' dey betted all de money dey had,
An' dey asked de girls to see dem play,
An' watch de Darktowns win de day.

Fifteen innings wid nevah ah sco',
Dey played der hardest an' even mo',
When de Hamtown captin made a hit,
An' de Hamtown 'habitants had a fit,
An' de Hamtown pitcher brought him in,
An' dat was where dere grief begin.

Wid two men out in de second half,
'Mid de Darktown's 'habitants low-down chaff,

The Darktown Nine

Wid one man on bases, an' he on first,
 A low-down niggah by name of Thirst,
 De Darktown captin came to bat,
 An' dusted de base off wid his hat.

“Strike one!” yelled de umpire. I thought I ’d faint,
 An’ only murmured, “Oh, no, it ain’t.”
 “Strike two!” I heard without surprise,
 An’ den I just done close my eyes,
 When—bang!—it sounded like a gun,
 Our captin knocked a clean home run.

Washington Johnson Leland Fine
 Were de captin ob de Darktown nine.
 An’ de Darktown nine, ’twixt yo’ an’ me,
 Were de bestest nine yo’ ebber did see.

E. B. MASON.

Farewell

FAREWELL

PROVOKED BY CALVERLEY'S "FOREVER"

"FAREWELL!" Another gloomy word
As ever into language crept.
'T is often written, never heard,
Except

In playhouse. Ere the hero flits—
In handcuffs—from our pitying view.
"Farewell!" he murmurs, then exits
R. U.

"Farewell" is much too sighful for
An age that has not time to sigh.
We say, "I 'll see you later," or
"Good by!"

When, warned by chanticleer, you go
From her to whom you owe devoir,
"Say not 'good by,'" she laughs, "but
'Au Revoir!'"

Farewell

Thus from the garden are you sped;
And Juliet were the first to tell
You, you were silly if you said
“Farewell!”

“Farewell,” meant long ago, before
It crept, tear-spattered, into song,
“Safe voyage!” “Pleasant journey!” or
“So long!”

But gone its cheery, old-time ring;
The poets made it rhyme with knell—
Joined it became a dismal thing—
“Farewell!”

“Farewell!” into the lover’s soul
You see Fate plunge the fatal iron.
All poets use it. It’s the whole
Of Byron.

“I only feel—farewell!” said he;
And always fearful was the telling—
Lord Byron was eternally
Farewelling.

On Digital Extremities

“Farewell!” A dismal word, ’t is true
(And why not tell the truth about it!);
But what on earth would poets do
Without it?

BERT LESTON TAYLOR.

ON DIGITAL EXTREMITIES

A POEM, AND A GEM IT IS!

I ’D Rather have Fingers than Toes;
I ’d Rather have Ears than a Nose;
And As for my Hair,
I ’m glad it ’s All There;
I ’ll be Awfully Sad when it Goes!

GELETT BURGESS.

The Briefless Barrister

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER

AN attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself:

“Unfortunate man that I am!
I’ve never a client but grief:
The case is, I’ve no case at all,
And in brief, I’ve ne’er had a brief!”

The Briefless Barrister

“I’ve waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an ‘opening’ to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for toil of his mind.

“’Tis not that I’m wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

“O, how can a modest young man
E’er hope for the smallest progression —
The profession’s already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession!”

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, “It is well!”

To curb his emotions, he sat
On the curbstone the space of a minute,
Then cried, “Here’s an opening at last!”
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

The Briefless Barrister

Next morning twelve citizens came
(’T was the coroner bade them attend),
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end!

“The man was a lawyer, I hear,”
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse.
“A lawyer? Alas!” said another,
“Undoubtedly died of remorse!”

A third said, “He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
’T was no doubt for the want of a cause.”

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
That the lawyer was drowned, because
He could not keep his head above water!

JOHN G. SAXE.

Praise-God Barebones

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES

I AND my cousin Wildair met
And tossed a pot together—
Burnt sack it was that Molly brewed,
For it was nipping weather.
'Fore George! To see Dick buss the wench
Set all the inn folk laughing!
They dubbed him pearl of cavaliers
At kissing and at quaffing.

“Oddsfish!” says Dick, “the sack is rare,
And rarely burnt, fair Molly;
'T would cure the sourest Crop-ear yet
Of Pious Melancholy.”

“Egad!” says I, “here cometh one
Hath been at 's prayers but lately.”
—Sooth, Master Praise-God Barebones stepped
Along the street sedately.

Dick Wildair, with a swashing bow,
And touch of his Toledo,
Gave Merry Xmas to the rogue
And bade him say his Credo;

Praise-God Barebones

Next crush a cup to the King's health,
And eke to pretty Molly;
“ ’T will cure your saintliness,” says Dick,
“ Of Pious Melancholy.”

Then Master Barebones stopped and frowned;
My heart stood still a minute;
Thinks I, both Dick and I will hang,
Or else the devil's in it!
For me, I care not for old Noll,
Nor all the Rump together.
Yet, faith! 't is best to be alive
In pleasant Xmas weather.

His worship, Barebones, grimly smiled;
“ I love not blows nor brawling;
Yet will I give thee, fool, a pledge!”
And, zooks! he sent Dick sprawling!
When Moll and I helped Wildair up,
No longer trim and jolly—
“ Feelst not, Sir Dick,” says saucy Moll,
“ A Pious Melancholy?”
ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON CORTISZOZ.

The Menagerie

THE MENAGERIE

THANK God my brain is not inclined to cut
Such capers every day! I'm just about
Mellow, but then — There goes the tent flap
shut.

Rain's in the wind. I thought so: every snout
Was twitching when the keeper turned me out.

That screaming parrot makes my blood run cold.
Gabriel's trump! the big bull elephant
Squeals "Rain!" to the parched herd. The mon-
keys scold,
And jabber that it's rain-water they want.
(It makes me sick to see a monkey pant.)

I'll foot it home, to try and make believe
I'm sober. After this I stick to beer,
And drop the circus when the sane folks leave.
A man's a fool to look at things too near:
They look back and begin to cut up queer.

The Menagerie

Beasts do, at any rate; especially

Wild devils caged. They have the coolest way
Of being something else than what you see:

You pass a sleek young zebra nosing hay,
A nylghau looking bored and distingué,—

And think you've seen a donkey and a bird.

Not on your life! Just glance back, if you dare.
The zebra chews, the nylghau has n't stirred;
But something's happened, Heaven knows what or
where,
To freeze your scalp and pompadour your hair.

I'm not precisely an æolian lute

Hung in the wandering winds of sentiment,
But drown me if the ugliest, meanest brute
Grunting and fretting in that sultry tent
Did n't just floor me with embarrassment!

'T was like a thunder-clap from out the clear —

One minute they were circus beasts, some grand,
Some ugly, some amusing, and some queer:
Rival attractions to the hobo band,
The flying jenny, and the peanut-stand.

The Menagerie

Next minute they were old hearth-mates of mine!

Lost people, eyeing me with such a stare!

Patient, satiric, devilish, divine;

A gaze of hopeless envy, squalid care,

Hatred, and thwarted love, and dim despair.

Within my blood my ancient kindred spoke —

Grotesque and monstrous voices, heard afar

Down ocean caves when behemoth awoke,

Or through fern forests roared the plesiosaur

Locked with the giant-bat in ghastly war.

And suddenly, as in a flash of light,

I saw great Nature working out her plan;

Through all her shapes, from mastodon to mite,

Forever groping, testing, passing on

To find at last the shape and soul of Man.

Till in the fulness of accomplished time,

Comes brother Forepaugh, upon business bent,

Tracks her through frozen and through torrid clime,

And shows us, neatly labeled in a tent,

The stages of her huge experiment;

The Menagerie

Babbling aloud her shy and reticent hours;
 Dragging to light her blinking, slothful moods;
 Publishing fretful seasons when her powers
 Worked wild and sullen in her solitudes,
 Or when her mordant laughter shook the woods.

Here, round about me, were her vagrant births;
 Sick dreams she had, fierce projects she essayed;
 Her qualms, her fiery prides, her craze mirths;
 The troublings of her spirit as she strayed,
 Cringed, gloated, mocked, was lordly, was afraid,

On that long road she went to seek mankind;
 Here were the darkling coverts that she beat
 To find the Hider she was sent to find;
 Here the distracted footprints of her feet
 Whereby her soul's Desire she came to greet.

But why should they, her botch-work, turn about
 And stare disdain at me, her finished job?
 Why was the place one vast suspended shout
 Of laughter? Why did all the daylight throb
 With soundless guffaw and dumb-stricken sob?

The Menagerie

Helpless I stood among those awful cages;
The beasts were walking loose, and I was bagged!
I, I, last product of the toiling ages,
Goal of heroic feet that never lagged —
A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

Deliver me from such another jury!
The Judgment-day will be a picnic to 't.
Their satire was more dreadful than their fury,
And worst of all was just a kind of brute
Disgust, and giving up, and sinking mute.

Survival of the fittest adaptation,
And all their other evolution terms,
Seem to omit one small consideration,
To wit, that tumblebugs and angleworms
Have souls: there 's soul in everything that squirms.

And souls are restless, plagued, impatient things,
All dream and unaccountable desire;
Crawling, but pestered with the thought of wings;
Spreading through every inch of earth's old mire,
Mystical hanker after something higher.

The Menagerie

Wishes *are* horses, as I understand.

I guess a wistful polyp that has strokes
 Of feeling faint to gallivant on land
 Will come to be a scandal to his folks;
 Legs he will sprout, in spite of threats and jokes.

And at the core of every life that crawls
 Or runs or flies or swims or vegetates —
 Churning the mammoth's heart-blood, in the galls
 Of shark and tiger planting gorgeous hates,
 Lighting the love of eagles for their mates;

Yes, in the dim brain of the jellied fish
 That is and is not living — moved and stirred
 From the beginning a mysterious wish,
 A vision, a command, a fatal Word:
 The name of Man was uttered, and they heard.

Upward along the æons of old war
 They sought him: wing and shank-bone, claw and
 bill,
 Were fashioned and rejected; wide and far
 They roamed the twilight jungles of their will;
 But still they sought him, and desired him still.

The Menagerie

Man they desired, but mind you, Perfect Man,
The radiant and the loving, yet to be!
I hardly wonder, when they come to scan
The upshot of their strenuosity,
They gazed with mixed emotions upon *me*.

Well, my advice to you is, Face the creatures,
Or spot them sideways with your weather eye,
Just to keep tab on their expansive features;
It is n't pleasant when you're stepping high
To catch a giraffe smiling on the sly.

If Nature made you graceful, don't get gay
Back-to before the hippopotamus;
If meek and godly, find some place to play
Besides right where three mad hyenas fuss;
You may hear language that we won't discuss.

If you're a sweet thing in a flower-bed hat,
Or her best fellow with your tie tucked in,
Don't squander love's bright springtime girding at
An old chimpanzee with an Irish chin:
There may be hidden meaning in his grin.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

The Spring Beauties

THE SPRING BEAUTIES

THE Puritan Spring Beauties stood freshly clad
for church;

A thrush, white-breasted, o'er them sat singing on
his perch.

“Happy be! for fair are ye!” the gentle singer told
them;

But presently a buff-coat Bee came booming up to
scold them.

“Vanity, oh, vanity!

Young maids, beware of vanity!”

Grumbled out the buff-coat Bee,

Half parson-like, half soldierly.

The sweet-faced maidens trembled, with pretty, pinky
blushes,

Convinced that it was wicked to listen to the thrushes;

And when that shady afternoon, I chanced that way
to pass,

They hung their little bonnets down and looked into
the grass.

The Siege of Djkixprwbz

All because the buff-coat Bee
 Lectured them so solemnly—
 “Vanity, oh, vanity!
 Young maids, beware of vanity!”

HELEN AVERY CONE.

THE SIEGE OF DJKLXPRWBZ

BEFORE a Turkish town
 The Russians came.
 And with huge cannon
 Did bombard the same.

They got up close
 And rained fat bombshells down,
 And blew out every
 Vowel in the town.

And then the Turks,
 Becoming somewhat sad,
 Surrendered every
 Consonant they had.

EUGENE FITCH WARE.

Fable

FABLE

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere,
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

AN ART CRITIC

HE's smart, our boarder's smart, they say,
Say he's almighty smart;

An' what's he do? Wall, what d'ye think?

A lecturer on art!

A lecturer on art! Good Lord!

An' what the deuce is art?

A mess of good-for-nothin' gush —

But our girls think he's smart.

“What's art?” I says to him one day,

“'Taint bread, nor cheese, nor meat;

'Taint pie, nor pudd'n', nor corn'-beef,

Nor nothin' fit to eat.”

An' he caved in an' owned right up

'T warn't nothin' fit to eat.

My girls take everything he says

Without a gasp or gulp,

'Bout skulpin' marble images,

An' fools who love to skulp.

I want no skulpin's in my house,

No images for me.

An Art Critic

"You can't eat images," I says,
 "Then what is their idee?"
"They express the ideel sense," says he.
 "But they ain't corn, nor wheat,
Nor flapjacks, succotash, nor pork,
 Nor nothin' fit to eat."
I squelched him, an' he owned right up
 That they warn't fit to eat.

He showed a picture t' other day
 That made a monstrous hit,
A picture of a durned ol' cow
 They said was exquisite.
"How much milk does your picture give?"
 Says I to him one day;
An' you ought to seen him wiggle,
 For he did n't know what to say.
"My cows give milk, an' make good steak
 That's mighty hard to beat;
But that ar painted cow of yourn,
 Is she good steak to eat?"
He hemmed an' hawed an' squirmed, and owned
 That she warn't fit to eat.

Aristocracy

Git out with art! Stone images,
An' picture filigree!
O vittles! Vittles is the stuff
That suits the like of me.
Humph! Art or vittles? What's your choice?
Stone images or pie!
Pictures of cows, or cows themselves?
"The cows themselves!" say I.
"Yet Turner's pictures," said the fool,
"Are very hard to beat."
"Are they best baked or biled?" said I,
"An' are they fit to eat?"
An' then the fool he owned right up
That they warn't fit to eat.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

ARISTOCRACY

THE pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy.

EMILY DICKINSON.

Falstaff's Song

FALSTAFF'S SONG

WHERE 's he that died o' Wednesday?

What place on earth hath he?

A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,

Where worms approaching be;

For the wight that died o' Wednesday,

Just laid the light below,

Is dead as the varlet turned to clay

A score of years ago.

Where 's he that died o' Sabba' day?

Good Lord, I'd not be he!

The best of days is foul enough

From this world's fare to flee;

And the saint that died o' Sabba' day,

With his grave turf yet to grow,

Is dead as the sinner brought to pray

A hundred years ago.

Where 's he that died o' yesterday?

What better chance hath he

To clink the can and toss the pot

When this night's junkets be?

The Purple Cow

For the lad that died o' yesterday
 Is just as dead — ho! ho! —
 As the whoreson knave men laid away
 A thousand years ago.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE PURPLE COW

REFLECTIONS ON A MYTHIC BEAST,
 WHO 'S QUITE REMARKABLE, AT LEAST

I NEVER Saw a Purple Cow;
 I never Hope to See One;
 But I can Tell you, Anyhow,
 I 'd rather See than Be One.

CINQ ANS APRÉS.

(Confession: and a Portrait, Too,
 Upon a Background that I Rue!)

Ah, yes! I wrote the "Purple Cow"—
 I 'm Sorry, now, I Wrote it!
 But I can Tell you Anyhow,
 I 'll Kill you if you Quote it!

GELETT BURGESS.

Bessie Brown, M. D.

BESSIE BROWN, M. D.

'T WAS April when she came to town;
The birds had come, the bees were swarming.
Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown;
I saw at once that she was charming.
She took a cottage tinted green,
Where dewy roses loved to mingle;
And on the door, next day, was seen
A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath;
Her hat was darker, to enhance it.
The violet eyes that glowed beneath
Were brighter than her keenest lancet,
The beauties of her glove and gown
The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter.
Ere she had been a day in town
The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
And swore they never saw such wee things;

Bessie Brown, M. D.

The gossips met in purring bands,
And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.
The former drank the Doctor's health
With clinking cups, the gay carousers;
The latter watched her door by stealth,
Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way,
Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
And drove her buggy every day
Behind a dashing pair of ponies.
Her flower-like face so bright she bore
I hoped that time might never wilt her.
The way she tripped across the floor
Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street;
Her snowy slate was always quite full.
Some said her bitters tasted sweet,
And some pronounced her pills delightful.
'T was strange — I knew not what it meant —
She seemed a nymph from Eldorado;
Where'er she came, where'er she went,
Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

A Vignette

Like all the rest I, too, grew ill;
My aching heart there was no quelling.
I tremble at my doctor's bill—
And lo! the items still are swelling.
The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear!
They've quite enriched the fair concocter,
And I'm a ruined man, I fear,
Unless—I wed the Doctor!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

A VIGNETTE

CUPID, playing blindman's-buff,
Seized my Psyche's floating tresses.
"Here is silken chic enough
To dispense with any guesses.
This is Psyche's golden fleece:
She's my prisoner past release."
But the lookers-on declare
Love was caught in Psyche's hair.
CAROLINE DUER.

Discovered

DISCOVERED

SEEN you down at chu'ch las' night —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

What I mean? Oh, dat 's all right —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Oh, you 's sma't ez sma't kin be,
But you could n't hide f'om me;
Ain't I got two eyes to see?
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Guess you thought you 's awful keen —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Evaht'ing you done I seen —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;
Seen him tek yo' ahm jes so,
When you got outside de do' —
Ah, I know dat man 's yo' beau —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Say now, honey, wha' 'd he say?
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;

When Lovely Woman

Keep yo' sec'uts — dat's yo' way —
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy;
 Won't tell me, an' I'm yo' pal!
 I'm gwine to tell his othah gal —
 Know huh, too — huh name is Sal —
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN

WHEN lovely woman wants a favor,
 And finds, too late, that man won't bend,
 What earthly circumstance can save her
 From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,
 The last experiment to try,
 Whether a husband or a lover,
 If he have feeling is — to cry.

PHOEBE CARY.

Holly Song

HOLLY SONG

CARE is but a broken bubble,
Trill the carol, troll the catch;
Sooth, we'll cry, "A truce to trouble!"
Mirth and mistletoe shall match.

*Happy folly! we'll be jolly!
Who'd be melancholy now?
With a "Hey, the holly! Ho, the holly!"
Polly hangs the holly bough.*

Laughter lurking in the eye, sir,
Pleasure foots it frisk and free.
He who frowns or looks awry, sir,
Faith, a witless wight is he!

*Merry folly! what a volley
Greets the hanging of the bough!
With a "Hey, the holly! Ho, the holly!"
Who'd be melancholy now?*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL
JAMES

WHICH I wish to remark —
 And my language is plain —
That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
 And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
 What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
 And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
 That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
 And me in a way I despise.

Plain Language from Truthful James

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre — the same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chineese,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?

Plain Language from Truthful James

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor;”
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game “he did not understand.”

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers — that’s wax.

Which is why I remark —
And my language is plain —
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

Casey's Table d'Hôte

CASEY'S TABLE D'HÔTE

OH, them days on Red Hoss Mountain, when the
skies wuz fair 'nd blue,

When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the camp
wuz brave 'nd true!

When the nights wuz crisp and balmy, 'nd the camp
was all astir,

With the joints all throwed wide open, 'nd no sheriff
to demur!

Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies
fur away —

There 's no sicc place nor times like them as I kin
find to-day!

What though the camp *bez* busted? I seem to see it still
A-lyin', like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat
When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's
tabble dote!

Wal, yes; it 's true I struck it rich, but that don't cut
a show

When one is old 'nd feeble 'nd it 's nigh his time to go;



EUGENE FIELD

Casey's Table d'Hôte

The money that he's got in bonds or carries to invest
Don't figger with a codger who has lived a life out
West;

Us old chaps like to set around, away from folks 'nd
noise,

'Nd think about the sights we seen and things we done
when boys;

The which is why I love to set 'nd think of them old
days

When all us Western fellers got the Colorado craze —
And *that* is why I love to set around all day 'nd gloat
On thoughts of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd Casey's
table dote.

This Casey wuz an Irishman — you 'd know it by his
name

And by the facial features appertainin' to the same.
He 'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand
things,

From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin' kings,
But, somehow, had n't caught on; so, driftin' with
the rest,

He drifted for a fortune to the undeveloped West,

Casey's Table d'Hôte

And he come to Red Hoss Mountain when the little
camp wuz new,
When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz
brave and true;
And, havin' been a stewart on a Mississippi boat,
He opened up a caffy 'nd he run a tabble dote.

The bar wuz long and rangey, with a mirror on the
shelf,
'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required, could
help himself;
Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled beer
and wine,
'Nd a kag of Burbun whiskey of the run of '59;
Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of girls —
Not much on dress, perhaps, but strong on records
'nd on curls!
The which had been identified with Casey in the
past —
The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean — and both wuz
mighty fast!
But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little note
By the side of what wuz offered at Casey's tabble dote.

Casey's Table d'Hôte

There wuz half-a-dozen tables altogether in the
place,

And the tax you had to pay upon your vittles wuz a
case;

The boardin'-houses in the camp protested 't wuz a
shame

To patronize a robber, which this Casey wuz the
same!

They said a case wuz robbery to tax for ary meal;

But, Casey tended strictly to his biz, 'nd let 'em
squeal;

And presently the boardin'-houses all began to bust,

While Casey kept on sawin' wood 'nd layin' in the
dust;

And oncet a trav'lin' editor from Denver City wrote
A piece back to his paper, puffin' Casey's tabble dote.

A tabble dote is different from orderin' aller cart;

In *one* case you git all there is, in *t' other* only *part*!

And Casey's tabble dote begun in French — as all
begin —

And Casey's ended with the same, which is to say,
with "vin";

Casey's Table d'Hôte

But in between wuz every kind of reptile, bird, 'nd
beast,

The same like you can git in high-toned restauraws
down East;

'Nd windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee demy
tass,

Or, sometimes, floatin' Ireland in a soothin' kind of sass
That left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a feller's throat,
'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's tabble
dote.

The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them pies
Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to my
eyes;

'Nd seems like cookin' nowadays ain't what it used
to be

In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that year of '63;
But, maybe, it is better, 'nd, maybe, I 'm to blame—
I 'd like to be a-livin' in the mountains jest the same—
I 'd like to live that life again, when skies wuz fair 'nd
blue,

When things wuz run wide open and men wuz brave
'nd true;

Casey's Table d'Hôte

When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red Hoss
Mountain smote

For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's tabble
dote.

And you, O cherished brother, a-sleepin' way out
West,

With Red Hoss Mountain huggin' you close to its
lovin' breast —

Oh, do you dream in your last sleep of how we use
to do,

Of how we worked our little claims together, me 'nd
you?

Why, when I saw you last a smile wuz restin' on
your face,

Like you wuz glad to sleep forever in that lonely place;
And so you wuz, 'nd I 'd be, too, if I wuz sleepin' so.
But, bein' how a brother's love ain't for the world to
know,

Whenever I've this heartache 'nd this chokin' in my
throat,

I lay it all to thinkin' of Casey's tabble dote.

EUGENE FIELD.

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Book of American humor
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